



COMMENCEMENT  
·1911·







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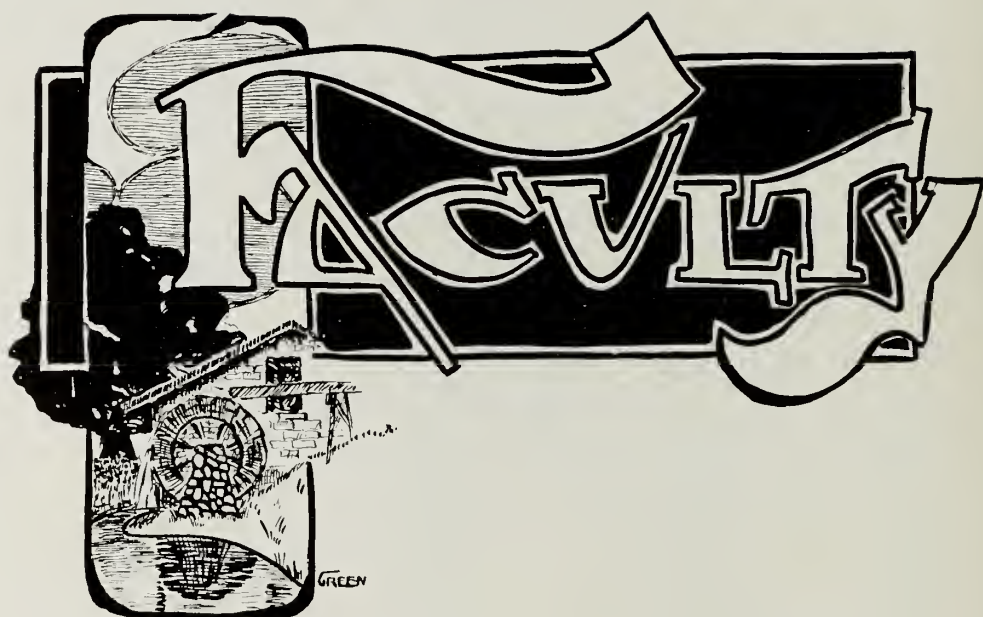
VOL. VIII.

NO. IV.





*To Mrs. Harry W. Johnson, née  
Miss Hazel D. Henderson, with  
sincere appreciation of her loyal  
support, and with best wishes for  
her future happiness, this issue is  
affectionately dedicated.*



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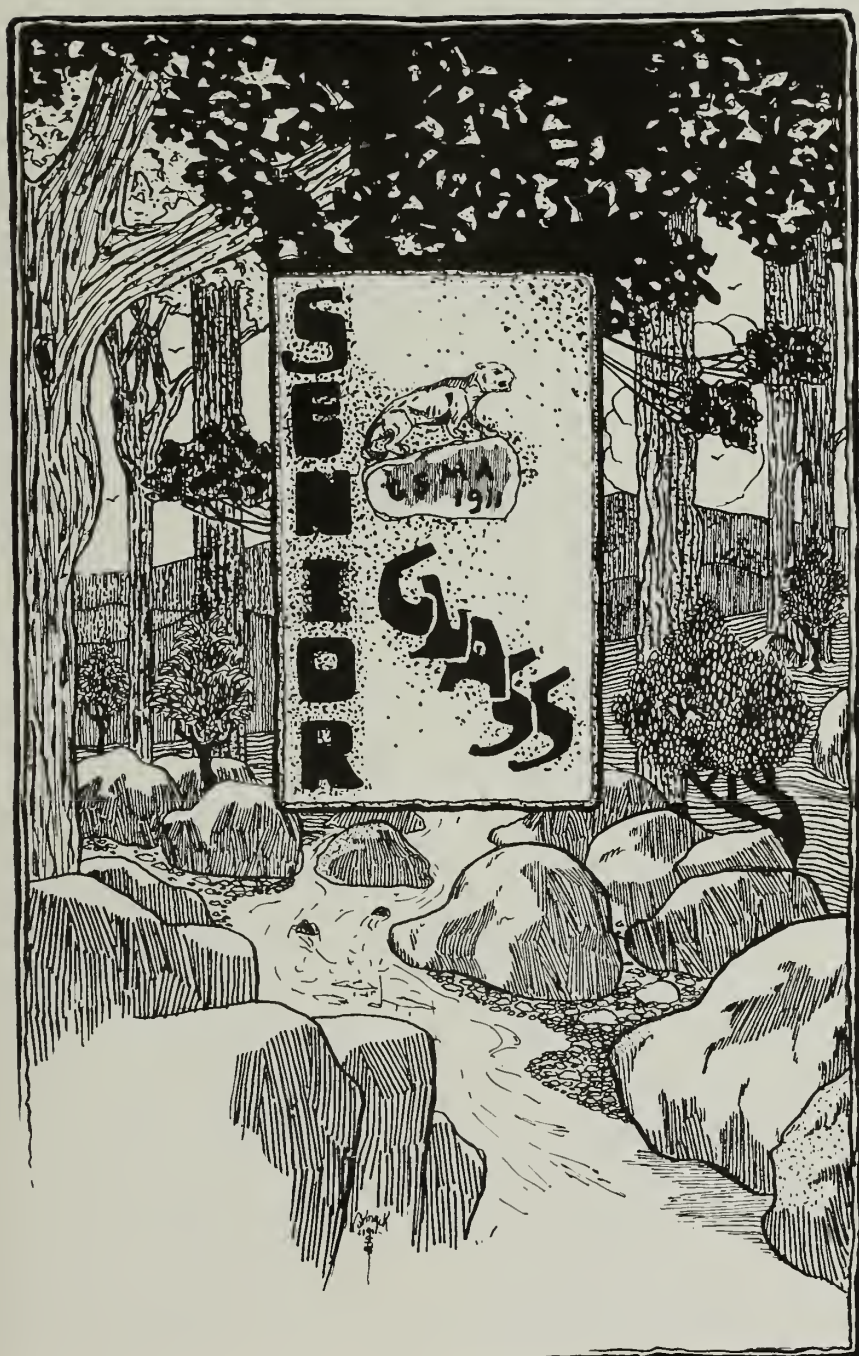


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Walter Unna  
Sidney Lewis

# SENIOR



*Friends of my youth, a last adieu!  
Haply some day we meet again;  
Yet ne'er the selfsame men shall meet—  
The years shall make us other men.*

—KASIDAH.

It seems like yesterday! Four years have come and gone since we found ourselves here. Four long years of hard work, and enjoyment, and constant endeavor. And now we see retrospectively and we must smile. But we have learned and we enjoy the sweetest sensation that man ever had—"We have done our best"—and it might be said that we have left the name of Lick just a little brighter than it was before.

Soon the Class of 1911 will fade into oblivion! We go out into the world and then the curtain falls behind us, and the sweetest days of our lives are over. Days that we will remember always and cherish.

Our class has been fortunate indeed in the men we have chosen to lead us. Under Presidents Hartwell and Hills our affairs were started on the right path in our first year; and in our second year, under the management of Reuben Hills our success in every line forecasted the brilliant years that followed for the class. The Junior year, under the ardent enthusiasm and splendid executive ability of Mervyn Carlson, proved also a bright one.

The officers of our Senior year have proven capable in the extreme. President Barker has dealt with every contingency and question with the wisdom of Solomon, and his ability and far-sighted policies have aided 1911 more than most of us will ever realize. Klein, as treasurer, has done wonders in helping carry the almost overwhelming expenses of our Senior year, and Miss Barieau and Paul Wetmore have filled their offices of secretary and sergeant-at-arms in a creditable way.

The Class of '11 has attempted versatility rather than centering in any one direction and we have done well in many lines.

The social, mental and moral attitude of any class, and especially an upper class, is all important, and we, I think, have been a good influence in this way. We have tried to boost not knock; we have tried to be cheerful and pleasant to all; we have tried to be what are called "true sportsmen"; we have tried hard to get all the real, true benefit out of the courses offered at Lick.

Who will forget the dances the class has given in our "barn," as we are pleased to call it, and now we are looking forward to entertaining four hundred at the Senior dance. May it be a success, for 1911 is doing everything to make it one.

I think that the 1913 Class will not soon forget the good time they had on the "get acquainted" picnic we gave them in their Freshman year.

And last we come to the production of "A Night Off." That performance



was without any doubt, from a dramatic standpoint, one of the best ever produced by a high school of the vicinity, and the manager and cast are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

The 1911 class has contributed their share of athletes to represent Lick from the beginning. "Fairy" Phillips was the first sterling athlete developed from our ranks, and it was he that helped Lick in the Academic League football finals in 1907 and 1908, when Lick and Berkeley and Lick and Alameda met on the gridiron. And the Academic championship football team of 1911 needs no introduction. But every man on the squad but four was a Senior 1911.

In basketball we have been represented on the school team by such men as Rust, Wood, Woods, Nash, Wynne and House. In swimming, Maunder, Halbert, Litchfield and Wetmore have gained points for the school, and such men as Anderson, McNair, Dixon, Wynne, Clarke and Hollingbery have been our representatives on the school track team.

The baseball material taken from the 1911 class has also been of the best. Nash, Storey, Taggart, Black, Drew, Wetmore, in fact, nearly the whole team of our Senior year have been 1911 men.

Despite the drain of men for the school team, we have been successful in winning the interclass baseball championship twice, football once, track once, swimming three times, and girls' basketball twice up to date (?).

Our most versatile athlete has been Arthur Wynne, of football, baseball, basketball and track fame—a worker, a man dominated with the desire to do something despite all difficulties, and a model to be followed.

We have also supported the literary interests of the school. In Lawrence Chilcote and Horace Hirschler the Debating Society had two presidents who raised that institution to the height of its success. Mervyn Carlson, McNair and Hirschler have been on school debating teams and the class have also won the interclass debating tournament twice out of three tournaments held since we have been in school. Both in L. D. S. plays and in school plays, several actors of marked ability have been developed from our class, and the man who wrote the L. D. S. has produced a masterpiece.

Each and everyone of us want to express to the faculty our heartiest thanks for their help and good will. We beg them to slur over in their minds the countless trials and annoyances that we have caused them, and to remember us always as they have taught us to be.

Now before we pass on and out, we wish to thank the rest of the students for their support, for their work only has insured the success of our final year at Lick, a year that we waited long for, and that has passed as a dream.

We, in return, wish to old Lick, and each class and student thereof, the fullest measure of success, and we would like to feel now, that all students as they graduate from C. S. M. A., will have a feeling of brotherhood, that they will respect each other, and that the words, "I am a Lick Grad," will be endorsement enough for any of us.

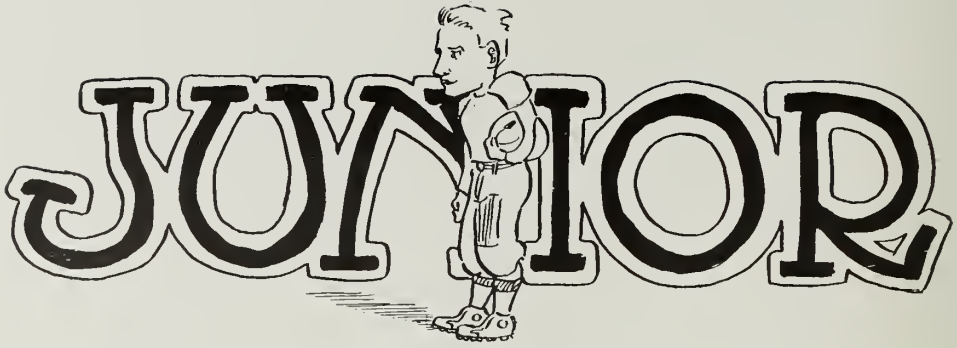
# Senior Look-

Victim	Nick Name	Noted For	Ambition
A. Allworth	A Cubed	Looking wise	Chemist
H. Alves	Pokey	German	Has none
O. Barker	Spud	Speeches	To be a Socialist Mayor of Berkeley
H. Berg	Iceberg	Length	Janitor at Boston Tec.
J. Black	Little Jack	Running down victims	To be an Algebra Shark
E. Brown	Handsome	Shyness	Edit a hymn book
V. Chapman	Egypt	Pie	To do nothing
L. Chilcote	Judge	An insurgent	Wireless ham
L. Clark	Irish	Wireless	To be a motorman
T. Clark	Doggie	Teeth (?)	To get a story in The Tiger
C. Cormack	Casey	High-balls	To be classy
C. Costa	Italy	Mule skinning	To learn to dance
L. Dierssen	Doc	Melody	Engines
N. Drew	Red	Batting average	To be a leaguer
F. Dunshee	Gininippii	Rest	Nobody knows
S. Durbrow	Sissy	Delivery	To get fat
E. Eskew	Maggie	Complexion	Doubtful
M. Garcia	Auto	Mobiles	Drill team
W. Haker	Archimedes	Exactness	To be loved
F. Halbert	Brownie	Crust	Life preserver
T. Harron	Dainty	Frats	To be a prima donna
H. Hauser	Heinie	Hair cuts	To be oil king
G. Hendersen	Lucy	Form	To be a suffragette
G. Heyneman	Husky	What not	To remain youthful
R. Hills	Rube	Coffee	To be a business man
H. Hirschler	Graphophone	Hot air	Land grabber
O. Hollingberry	Cy	Crabbing	To be a speaker
F. House	Bug	Loving everybody	Professor
E. Jacobs	Babe	Dry wit	To grow
L. Jongeneel	Crane	Dancing	Circus clown
J. Klein	Abie	Glad hand	Tragedian
W. Lafrenz	Pinkey	Wrecking	Newsboy
W. Leigh	Girlie	Being cute	Heart breaker
S. Lewis	Tub	Aunty-fat	To make a hit
L. Litchfield	Baldy	Fussing	Mexican athlete
E. Lyon	Lion	Brains	To loaf
H. Maunder	Fishy	Swimming	That's a secret



# ing Glass

Victim	Nick Name	Noted For	Ambition
W. McNair	Mac	Versatility	President of U. S.
C. Meyer	Germany	Lunch	To marry a cook
A. Meyn	Motts	Pictures (?)	Matron of home for orphan cats
W. Moore	Queener	P. G.'s	Avoiding the boys
Bill Moore	Comiskey	Fan	To be a queener
B. Nash	Boose	That salaried wing	To own a schooner
G. Roberts	Farmer	Steam	To raise potatoes
E. Rust	Rusty	Bluffing	Funeral director
A. Schuhmacher	Dutch	Chemical affinity	To go to jail
G. Siebenhauer	Irish	Coming late to Eng. IV.	To get a laugh
E. Slack	Sleepy	Being absent	Head usher
F. Small	Class	Cuteness	Stolen
C. Story	Cockey	Batting form	Socialist
F. Taggart	Clown	Intellect (?)	Comedian
E. Thoenges	Tanglefoot	Kicking	Deacon
Trevor	Hinnery	Being small	Time will tell
Unna	Onions	Wit	Pawnbroker
F. Vieth	Farmer	Simple life	To be a chicken merchant
E. Waters	Red	Common sense	To be funny
P. Wetmore	Punk	His yell	To marry (?)
L. Winters	Louie	Anything funny	Doctor
H. Wood	Skinny	Dignity	Sign painter
R. Woods	Slats	Popularity in Eng. IV	English prof.
P. Wormser	Rough	Nichts	Anything easy
W. Young	Demon	Perseverance	Never say die
M. Barieau	Mad	Giggling	To be loved
E. Buschke	Es	Bashfulness	To be a sweet girl graduate
A. Eagleson	Ai	Originality	That's a secret
A. Erlandson	Girlie	Eyes	To be a leading lady
H. Feldermann	Hen	Friendship	To marry (?)
S. Feldermann	Soph	Slang	Goodness knows
G. Herbert	Glad	Basket-ball	To go to Canada
U. Raber	Prim	Yellow roses	To be a nurse
A. Schmelz	Class	Sweaters	Always to be dressed in the latest fashion
E. Thomason	Tommy	Calmness	To leave school at 3



After three very successful years as an organized body, we, the Class of 1912, are about to enter that stage of our school life that brings with it the coveted name of "Seniors." We, like all other classes before us, have made mistakes in the earlier stages of our career and have had to learn by experience the true elements of a good class, and a mere glance over our history will settle beyond all doubt that our mistakes have proven far more profitable than disastrous to us.

The first two years showed a gradual development and a gradual strengthening of our class. We were only learning, but the steady improvement could not help but be noticed. Higher and higher we arose until we entered, a strong, well-organized class, upon our Junior year. It has been a most successful year for us, socially as well as for our many athletic victories.

On a Saturday in the latter part of August we gave our picnic to the '14 Freshmen at Grand Cañon Park. Apples, watermelons, soda water, pies, cakes, mixed in with a generous share of racing, baseball and dancing, filled in a pleasant day's outing for the large number present.

On March 15th we succeeded in capturing a very close and interesting inter-class track meet, by a score of 49 against '14s 46 points. The introduction of the weight system allowed the Freshmen to pile up quite a score, but Hohman's work in the hammer just nosed them out. We were represented by Hohman, who took first place in the shot-put and hammer throw, as well as third in both broad and high jumps; Lenzen, first place in 440; Dick Smith, who took second place in the 220; Maynard, second in the 100; Howiesner, second in the shot-put; Cowen, who, in a hard race, captured third in the mile; Montgomery, third in pole vault; Meeker and Hacke; and in the weights we were upheld by Rosenthal, who showed his usual good form by taking first place in three 100-pound class events, 50, 220 and broad jump. Our relay team was of an unbeatable quality, consisting of Hohman, Lenzen, Maynard and Dick Smith.

In a very tight and interesting football series, we nosed our way out on top, taking the interclass championship. Our team consisted of Hohman, Smith and Montgomery (backs), Fuchs, Hacke (quarters), Brunel, Lenzen (ends), Velaseratus, Trepte (tackles), Holser, Meeker (guards). The repeated success of the team is probably due in great part to the gallant work of Coach Neuhaus, assisted by Cowen.

We made third place in basketball, with Homan, Schlietmann, Mowder, Traynor and Zwierlein representing us.

We placed third in swimming with a team consisting of Worth, Rhode, Trepte, Neuhaus, Shaw and Zwierlein.

We also turned out some excellent material for our big teams. "Fat"



Stuhr, "Jew" Cowen, "Green" Neuhaus and "Speed" Kahrt were all stars on the A. A. L. Championship Football Team.

Neuhaus made the big basketball team.

Worth starred on the school swimming team.

On the big track team, Pete Hohman, Dick Smith, Lenzen, Maynard and Howiesner were all prominent athletes; while Rosenthal made the 100-pound class and Fuchs missed making the weight by a narrow margin.

However, the boys were not alone in athletic success for the girls had some excellent material along their particular branches. The tennis team, composed of Helen Purser and Hilda Bettoli, showed remarkable speed and cleverness when they captured the interclass tennis championship.

In basketball, Flora Mathis, Viola Woodams and Myrtle Mitchell succeeded in making the big team and their unusual work on that team must necessarily be commended.

Much literary talent has also been displayed by various members of the class in the past year, chief of which is the work of Bruce and Katherine Boyle. Miss Bettoli, Miss Boyle, Miss Simmons, Bruce, Mowder and Velaseratus are all prominent members of THE TIGER staff.

On the evening of Friday, November 18, the '12 Class gave a very interesting entertainment and barn dance in the Lick Hall. There were a large number present and everybody spent a most enjoyable evening. The precision and promptness with which the program and dances were carried out showed excellent management on the part of the committee, John Ryan, Ray Whetmore, Dick Smith, Ethel Buck, Florence Gardner and Florence Bates.

But AH! The climax of our social pleasures occurred on the evening of Friday, February 24, in the form of one of the most successful Junior dances ever given at Lick. It was an entrancing sight. Over one hundred and fifty happy couples moving down the beautiful, artistically-decorated hall, tripping to the rhythmic melody of expert union music. All present were unanimous in their declarations that it was the most pleasant social event given at Lick for some time. Nothing occurred to mar the evening's pleasure, and we feel that by this particular event we have done much toward showing the outsiders that Lick is capable of succeeding socially as well as along other lines. Much praise must be given the members of the committee in charge of this most successful dance for their fine management and judicious expenditures. They were: John Ryan, Dick Smith, Velaseratus, Miss Bettoli and Miss Kahn. Thanks must also be given to Miss Boyle and Miss Seywell for their exquisitely artistic judgment in decorating the hall.

As our Junior year draws to a close we must bid a fond farewell to the class we are about to replace as Seniors—1911, we have found you clean on the field and clean in your friendship as our fellow students, and, as you enter the world in your various walks of life, may success be always with you.

# SOPHOMORE



Two years have passed since the '13 class entered Lick; they have been two years of toil mingled with joy. Work, work, work, has been the motto of the class. Within a few more weeks we will cease to be Sophomores and become Juniors; our Sophomore year has passed but has not been wasted, for looking back at our attempts during the past year we see that they have not been fruitless; it is true that we have made some errors, but they are to us as a lesson for the years to come.

The Class of Nineteen Eleven will soon leave us and with them will go Thirteen's most sincere wishes for success, as it is they to whom we are thankful for having been brought into the social life of the school and given a fair start at Lick; it was with them that we have spent many pleasant hours; it is with them that we have toiled for two years, and now with regret intermingled with joy that we see them go. We regret their departure because we lose a faithful companion; we rejoice in it because we see them reach the goal for which they have toiled four years.

Under the leadership of President La Belle, we have passed a most successful term. The other officers of the class also deserve a great deal of credit for the good and faithful work that they have done during the past year.

In athletics the '13's have not gone back. Many members of the class have been awarded numerals and a number have been honored with block L's. The class as a whole has given its support to all branches of athletics. The girls have done their share also. Miss Bachman made the school basketball team and played many good games. Tennis is also a favorite sport among the Soph girls. The class was also represented in the Senior farce by Miss Carmen Bieber. We may, in fact, look back at the past two years at Lick with pride, for we have been as successful as any other Sophomore class, but our real worth must be shown in the last two years of our school life, and towards that end we are going with just pride and willingness to work.





The upper classmen organized the 1914 class and on December 2, 1910, the class was called to order by its own officers, Raymond Shields as president; Hoffman, vice-president, and Miss Lightbody, secretary. Miss Mack, Dudley Bates and W. A. Merrill represent the class on the Board of Control.

The Juniors gave a picnic to the Fourteen Class for the purpose of getting the Freshmen acquainted, and the Freshmen certainly appreciated the opportunity.

In the fall interclass track meet the class won third place, Howard Woerner made the big team, winning his block L in the mile. Arthur Copeland also made the big team in the broad and high jumps. In the spring interclass, the Freshmen came out a close second. Charles Knoles made the big relay team, while Woerner and Copeland both did well in their events. The Freshmen showed up well in the weight system, Melvin Hulling and Gerald De Graf winning circle, block L's. The outlook for the first year class in track is surely promising.

The class football team, owing to its inexperience and lightness, proved no match for their heavier and more experienced opponents. Glen Laughlin was the only Freshman who won his block on the big football team.

The basketball team was outclassed. The loss of one of the players seriously handicapped them. However, the material for next year is encouraging.

The baseball interclass is coming off soon, in which our team should figure well. Laughlin has made a place on the school baseball team.

The Freshmen worked hard on debating, but realized their lack of experience when they lost to the Sophomores.

Benton represented the first year class well in the interclass swimming meet.

On the whole the first year class has proved in its first year that it has the fine Lick spirit in doing its part in all school activities.

## “In June”

Hasten on thy heavenly way,

O June!

Bring with thee rose garlands gay

An ethereal fragrance of the summer noon;

Visit thou first the Olympia of the gods

And take the spirit of a summer day

To breathe into the dank cold clods,

And into every sleeping bay.

O June,

Glide softly through the cave of sleep,

That thou may'st bring us summer dreams,

And soft silvery mists that sweep

Across the still moonbeams.

Steal from proud Iris her rainbow hues,

And the phosphorent gleams from the deep;

The golds, the greens, the violets and blues,

The silver of tears that the fairies weep.

O June,

Deck thou with these the skies at morn

To hail the coming of each new day;

Then the lark in song will rise at dawn

And homage to thy fair court pay.

Woo not the rough and wintry moods

Of every grace and pleasure shorn,

But bring us thine own lightsome broods

Of fancies, of the Graces born.

O June,

Bring us the westerly winds that sigh

Across the summer sunset seas,

When the golden days in splendor die,

And evening soothes with her fantasies

The throbbing heart of the weary world.

Let the light zephyrs 'fore thee fly,

With flowery banners all unfurled,

Like heavenly blessings from on high.

O June,

Forget not thy murmur'ing melodies,

The merry tinkling of the tiny brook,

The drowsy droning of the lazy bees,

The sighing of trees that a sweet breeze shook;

Like the muted voice of a great violin,

The eternal song of the summer sea,

Ever intoning of the Past that has been,

Now surging, now rolling, now sounding free.

O June,

Bring us the love that Psyche knew;

Let our hearts be fired with the light of old,

That we may see thy beauty and love it, too,

Instead of worshiping worthless gold.

O Spirit inviolate, bring us rest,

And the innocent joy that was childhood's due;

Lay thy magic hand on our weary breasts—

Let life once more begin anew.

CATHERINE BOYLE, '12.



# LITERARY





## His True Vocation

J. R. WHITMORE, '12; H. G. CARMICHAEL, '12.

Richard Nolan and Virginia Booth, who have been close friends and school-mates since early childhood, are just returning from the happy termination of their four years of college life.

The graduation exercises had just been completed and Richard, or "Dick," as he was more generally known, was escorting Miss Booth to her home. The usual jolly mood that existed between them was replaced by a more serious one, and as they walked slowly up the path that led to the Booth mansion, Dick felt for the first time a loss of words to express the thought that was foremost in his mind. They stood for some moments on the large stone steps, when the silence was broken by Virginia, who, looking up into the thoughtful eyes of her stalwart companion, said: "Why are you so quiet to-night, Dick, just when you should be happy over the grand success of your clever 'treatise?' Say! it was great; the people just went wild over it, and I heard so many people say they thought you would be a great success as a writer."

"Virginia," exclaimed the boy, "you know we have been friends for many years, and now that I have graduated, and the promise of a bright future is before me, I am going to tell you that I love you, and want you to marry me."

"Dick! Dick! I—er—Oh, why did you say that? You know I have always been friendly to you, but I didn't know you were thinking of anything like that. I care a great deal for you, but you know how it is. There is a great difference in our social life, and my parents would never think of our marrying now. But I know you are going to make a success of your work. Something tells me the time is not far distant when you will have a world-wide name. I am sure that when I return from Europe you will be famous, and then, Dick, will be time to think of this. I know you understand how it is now, don't you?"

"Yes, I know. I see it in a different light, but let me tell you, Virginia, it won't be this way long. I am poor now, but there will be a time when I will be worthy of you. I am going to fight for that time and fight hard. I don't want to say I will set the world on fire, Virginia, but I'll show them a few things. I will give them some writing that will demand their attention, showing what real literary work is. I've got something to work for and I am going to work."

While at college Nolan had created quite a sensation from his Freshman year with his unusual writing, and his excellent work on the college paper won for him the editorship for his final year.

Since early childhood Richard Nolan and Virginia Booth had been the closest of friends. They had played together as children in the same home town; they had graduated from high school in the same class, and now they had just finished four happy years at college. Owing to their wide social breach, their being together a great deal caused no unusual comment and their friendship was never considered seriously.

As a reward for her graduation, Virginia, on leaving school, was to make a tour of the Old World, while Dick, who had planned a literary life for himself, was compelled, by financial necessity, to begin immediately upon his career, with only his grit, ability and the desire to win the girl he loved to carry him on to success.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a barren back room of one of New York's crowded boarding-houses, a





young man, about twenty-three years of age, sat gazing dejectedly into space. In one hand he held some typewritten sheets, while in the other he grasped a dainty letter of feminine handwriting. This person proved to be no less than our friend Dick Nolan, who had spent months of hard work in trying to please the more critical editors with his writing. The typewritten sheets were the returned manuscript of his latest effort, and the letter of foreign postmark was from his dearest friend, Virginia Booth. He was down-hearted. Story after story had been turned down, for there seemed to be something about his work that could not be approved. He had not many friends in New York; no one to encourage him in his work. Still his first failures did not discourage him. After each, he took up his work with a new vim until now, twenty-four times in the last eight months, he had submitted work and each time he had been turned down. In that very letter Virginia asked him how he was getting along with his writing. It was too much. Almost penniless and with bills unpaid, he must do something in order to live.

"I will tell her all," he finally exclaimed. "I'll let her know that I've failed and have to get some other work, but no matter what happens my feelings for her will be always just the same." With these words, he sat down and wrote of his failure from the start and of his having to go to work along other lines.

Next, he was confronted with the problem of finding employment. After searching for some time he gained a position as assistant bookkeeper with McCord, Brady & Co., a large wholesale grocery firm. His college education prepared him somewhat for this vocation, so that in a short while he succeeded in gaining the confidence of his employers.

On entering the office one morning after three months of faithful service, he began opening the morning mail, which it had become his accustomed duty to answer. He motioned to the stenographer, Miss Wells, who generally took his dictation, and began at once his monotonous duty. Letter after letter he disposed of until finally he came upon one that announced a shipment of butter from John Wells, a Burdock County farmer.

"Oh! that letter is from 'dad,'" joyfully exclaimed the girl.

"Why, Miss Wells, I didn't know you were from the country."

"Yes, O yes. I was born and lived there all my life until father had to mortgage the farm, and I was compelled to come to the city and work in order to help support the family. Poor old dad has had lots of trouble since the railroads cut through his place and not only ruined part of his land, but charge him such exorbitant transportation rates that it is very hard to get along."

Dick, after sympathizing with Miss Wells, told of his early childhood and of his repeated desires to visit his old country home. This led to an invitation to spend Thanksgiving the following Thursday at the Wells farm.

"Goodness," suddenly exclaimed Miss Wells, glancing up at the large clock, "it's ten o'clock and we have not completed our mail yet. We must not let our feelings interfere with our duties." With these words they both went busily about, finishing their morning task.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Thanksgiving morning and Dick awoke with the sun streaming through the window at the Wells farm. He had arrived the evening before to take advantage of the kind invitation afforded him by his friend. He arose and went down stairs to enjoy a hearty country breakfast, and was greatly impressed by the contented atmosphere of the country home. Dick was greatly



interested in Mr. Wells, Ruth's father, who was an elderly man of typical farmer's type.

It being Thanksgiving there was no regular routine of duties at the farm, this giving the old gentleman a chance to show the visitor about the place. Dick was surprised at the size and fertility of the property and was at a loss to understand why the family was not in better financial circumstances than they were. He juggled this thought over in his mind for some time until circumstances arose which gave him the opportunity of asking the farmer why, with such a productive piece of property, a man could not compile quite a fortune.

"Yes, the land is productive," replied the farmer, "but no matter how good his land may be, an honest man cannot make a living up here in the country with railroads getting all the profits by their high shipping rates."

For the first time, after listening to the old farmer's story, the unfair tactics exercised by the railroads in systematically robbing the producer, appealed to him. He had read and heard discussed the high rates of railroads, but never before had he been so forcibly impressed with the conditions as they really were. "Why should this be?" he thought over and over in his mind. "I wonder if the people know? If they don't, why shouldn't they?" He argued these questions back and forth mentally, until his literary nature led him into deep thought as to the wide possibilities of a book on the subject. He was inspired as he never was before. He felt that he could do it. Yes, he would put it in book form and unfold to the public the unscrupulous methods of the men behind the railroads.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was two months later and Dick, in his spare time, had managed almost to complete his book, "The Present Crisis," over which he had become very enthusiastic. He had read and reread his partially completed volume, each time feeling more assured that the book would be a great success. He determined to take it immediately to a publisher in order to get his opinion on the work and to see if he would be willing to handle it. So that evening he made an appointment with the senior member of the firm, Wilson, Strong & Co., noted New York publishers. Accordingly, he put the book in their hands, and that very evening Mac Wilson, who was reading the same with a deep interest, in the library of his beautiful home, suddenly jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "If this book were published U. P. stock would drop twenty points. I must discourage him. The boy is a clever writer and has chosen a subject of deep public interest. If that book goes to press the drop of my U. P. stock would ruin me. It must never be published."

Next day when Dick called at the publishers' office for the approval he was graciously ushered into the presence of Mr. Wilson, who greeted him cordially, but there was something about his expression that informed Dick of bad news.

"My boy, you have shown much talent by your writing, but your book would never take with the public, for I fear you have chosen the wrong subject. I am very sorry I cannot help you out in this case, but your masterful control of vocabulary and your remarkable use of English leads me to advise you to try again along other lines."

Dick returned to the office in a dejected state of mind, down-hearted over this added failure to his literary career. He tossed his partly completed manuscript carelessly upon his desk and went gloomily about his work. Miss Wells, noting his unusually disturbed state of mind, inquired as to the cause.



He unhesitatingly told her and willingly granted her request to look over his work, and then left the office on business.

Mr. McCord, the president of McCord, Brady & Co., Dick's employers, entered the office that afternoon and going up to his desk found Dick's manuscript, where the girl had unconsciously laid it, and asked as to what it was. She felt taken back for a moment over her carelessness, but noticing that the title had caught his eye, told him it was a book that Mr. Nolan was writing.

The theme aroused the merchant's interest to such an extent that he asked if he could take the work and look it over. He took it into his private office and spent the remainder of the afternoon looking over the contents. It was something different than he had ever read before, and he was greatly impressed by its significance. He mentally foresaw the great possibilities of a large sale of the volume were it published. When Dick returned he was called into the office by Mr. McCord and asked when he intended to complete his book. Dick, who was greatly surprised at finding his superior in possession of his manuscript, told him that he did not intend to complete it, because of its being turned down that very morning by Wilson, Strong & Co., the prominent New York publishers.

Mr. McCord, a man of acute perception and wide business education, at once saw the reason why those particular publishers did not feel inclined to publish the book and, turning to the boy, exclaimed: "Nolan, I see a great future in that work. Take it home and complete it. I will see it through."

Thus encouraged Dick put all the talent and skill that his literary nature afforded him into completing and perfecting his volume. Mr. McCord was so elated over the contents that he immediately set to work making preparations for the first publication. His own lawyer acted as press agent and the firm's publishers started work on the volume at once.

The morning papers gave an extensive account of the coming exposure, and no expense was spared by the legal press agent in widely advertising the edition in all the best literary magazines in the country. The public's interest was being aroused. More and more the book was advertised, and more and more did it become a general topic for conversation.

Dick was forced to open extensive offices in the Flatiron building, and it required a large amount of help in aiding him to answer the many queries for information concerning his book and in billing the rapid inflow of orders for the same. The first publication of the volume was advertised to appear on the first of the month, just five days hence. Keener and keener did the public sense of curiosity become, and the dozen stenographers and four office boys in the young writer's employ began to feel the strain of overwork.

The publishers had worked night and day, for the public was not to be disappointed, and on the day announced twenty thousand copies of the book were ready for distribution. The people's anxiety had grown intense and ten thousand were supplied on the first day, eight thousand in the city of New York alone. The office was swamped with orders from the outlying book-dealers in all parts of the country, and it soon became evident that a second edition was necessary. The more they read, the more they talked, and soon "The Present Crisis" and Richard Nolan were on every tongue. It exposed the unfair tactics and dishonest methods of the men of wealth behind the railroads in fleecing the unsuspecting public. He showed how the high shipping rates imposed on the farmers forced the cost of living up fully thirty per cent. And it laid facts bare that the people had been in total ignorance of. Magazines from all parts of the



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country made large offers for short articles signed by Richard Nolan, until his work was finally looked upon with nation-wide interest.

By this time seventy-five thousand copies of "The Present Crisis" had been sold, and the financial receipts approached the hundred and fifty thousand dollar mark. Deducting the bonus of his former employer, Dick had compiled a comfortable fortune for himself and his name was now rapidly approaching a pinnacle in the literary world.

It was at this point that Dick brought back thoughts of his former life, the uppermost of which concerned his old friend, Virginia Booth. He had just received a letter from her, and was very happy over the announcement that she was about to return.

His business fully occupied his mind, however, and he could not give much thought to his personal pleasures. The public so urgently demanded more that he consented to write the interesting history of his own life, in a series of articles, for one of the leading magazines, for which he realized the unusual sum of fifteen thousand dollars. Still in the throes of his success he had not forgotten Ruth Wells, for he felt that he owed her a great deal and had offered, and she had accepted, a position as the private secretary of the writer, much in advance of her former one. Many times during the rush at the office she had offered wise and helpful suggestion, and Dick felt that he had, in her, a valuable employee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Richard Nolan has just returned to his room on Fifth avenue one evening after escorting Miss Booth to a reception given him by the American Literary Association shortly after her return. There seemed to be something weighing on his mind, as he tossed his hat and evening coat upon the leather sofa. "My, but she has changed a great deal since she left," he finally exclaimed to himself. "I can hardly realize it. She is not the same girl she was two years ago." With these thoughts on his mind he retired for the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning about six months later there was a stir throughout the city of New York as the papers appeared in heavy headlines:

## NEW YORK'S 400 AMAZED.

Richard Nolan, the renowned literary and clubman, is to marry a country girl. The news came to the select social element like a bolt of lightning in a thunder storm. The famous literary man was expected to marry into some of America's greatest wealth, and the announcement of his engagement to Ruth Wells, the daughter of a Murdock county farmer, was received with great surprise by his many friends.

Miss Wells, however, is a young lady of remarkable wit and intellect and has been acting for some time in the capacity of private secretary to the writer, and while his choice will naturally cause some social surprise, his good judgment must necessarily be commended.







## The Castaway

R. M. Cook, '14.

"Boat ho, on the starboard bow."

All eyes turned toward the point mentioned. Off in the distance was seen a speck bobbing up and down on the waves.

"On deck, what do you make her out to be?" shouted Captain Wilson.

"Looks to be a dory, sir," answered the lookout.

"Quartermaster, full speed ahead," ordered the captain. "Pipe crew boat number one to quarters."

The cruiser rushed on with renewed speed. The boat crew took their places silently. Gradually the dory could be seen better and the men on the bridge could see, with the aid of glasses, that there were three men in her. One was lying across the seats, one was lying in the bottom of the boat and the other was half-sitting, half-lying in the stern. All were apparently dead.

"Quartermaster, stop her," ordered the captain. "Number one boat lower away, pick up the men, and make the dory fast."

Slowly the men were carried up the gangplank. Doctor Trendon, the ship's doctor, was called. He looked at them and shook his head. "Too late," he said. "Hold on, someone get me some whisky, this fellow seems to be alive." Someone handed him a flask of brandy. He raised the man's head and poured some of the liquor down his throat. The man choked and gasped as the fiery liquid burned his throat. He opened his eyes, half-rose, looked around and then sank unconscious to the deck.

"Two of you men carry this man to the berth deck and rig up a hammock for him," ordered the doctor and then he went to the bridge to make his report.

The doctor sat down beside the unconscious man. His breath no longer came in short gasps, but in the steady rhythm of a deep sleep. The captain entered. "Well, how's your patient, Trendon?" he asked. "Coming along pretty well," said the doctor. "All he needs is a good rest and plenty of cool drinks." "He seems as though he had been in a fire."

Night had fallen and the doctor still sat by the sleeping man. Suddenly he heard a great commotion on deck, and he ran up the companionway. Then, glancing straight ahead, he started back with a gasp of awe.

Away down on the horizon a shaft of light shot up, followed by another, and another; red, yellow and violet streamers flashed across the sky. And then it died down as suddenly as it had flashed and the darkness settled down as before.

The doctor heard a cry behind him. He turned and beheld the man he had just left lying in the hammock.

"Quick, quick, for God's sake, there's a man on that island, you may yet be able to save him," he screamed, and then, throwing up his hands he fell headlong to the deck.

The doctor gave a few orders as to the care of the man and then rushed to the bridge. Quickly he told what he had heard to the captain. Ten minutes later the cruiser was headed towards the spot where the streamers had been seen.

The sick man slowly opened his eyes. Then he sat up and said: "Say,

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doc, can I go on deck for a while?" The doctor called a couple of men and they carried him to the deck and propped him on a chair.

"Land ho," came a shout from forward.

Captain Wilson gave a few orders then he called Doctor Trendon. "I want you to take charge of a boat and make a landing if possible on that island," he said, "and make a search for the man your patient says is on it."

The boat sped away from the cruiser. The crew rowed slowly along the cliffs looking for a place to land. At last they reached a little cove and beached the boat. They landed and walked slowly along the beach. One of the sailors had wandered away from the rest and he suddenly began to call them. They ran and caught up to him in a little cleft in the rocks. There they found a pile of stones holding up a piece of wood about eight feet long. About halfway up the stick was the rude carving of a hand, the index finger of which was pointing down.

"There has been someone on the island all right," said Trendon, "but whether he's alive or not after that eruption will be hard to tell."

"He must have put that hand there and fixed it to point where he was going to stay, but it got twisted somehow or other and it points down."

"Well, I guess if it points down we might as well look down," and he began to pull the stones away. After removing three or four of them, he found a scrap of paper. On it were the words "Look for me in the cave," and a rude drawing of the island with the cliffs shown, and a circle with the word "cave" inside, marked on the cliff.

"Must have been crazy," grunted Trendon. "There is no cave in those cliffs." One of the men spoke up: "Maybe it was closed up by a landslide or something like that," he said.

"You're right; never thought of that," said Trendon. "Come on, we'll take a look at the cliffs."

They launched the boat and rowed slowly along at the base of the cliffs, intently examining the side of it. Suddenly one of the men cried, "Looks like it's all cracked over there," pointing to a number of marks on the face of the cliff. Upon looking closer, they discovered that the rock seemed to have fallen down the side of the cliff and piled up there. "Pull back to the ship and we'll see if we can't get some explosive and blow that rock out," ordered Trendon.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sailor finished setting the fuse and scrambled down from the ledge he was on, into the boat below. They rowed out about four or five hundred yards from the cliff and then rested on their oars.

Suddenly there was a puff of smoke, a roar, and a great splash caused by tons of rock striking the water, and a great, black, yawning hole was left in the face of the cliff. The boat was rowed in to the cliff. Trendon and two of the crew jumped to the ledge and entered the cave. Away in at the back was a fire. Coming towards them was a poor, emaciated, scarecrow of a man. His face was pinched and sallow; his clothes were little more than rags. He advanced, blinking because of the unaccustomed light. Then with a bound he was among them, laughing, crying, dancing, shaking their hands and acting as if he had gone crazy. He was taken out to the boat and then they all rowed back to the cruiser. At the head of the gangplank was the man who had been picked up in the dory. As the man in the boat climbed up the gangplank, he looked around and saw the other. With a bound he was beside him; he seized his hand, and cried, "Jack!" Then, his shattered nerves being unable to stand the strain caused by the excitement of the rescue any longer, he fainted.



## An Exempt Murderer

LELAND M. BORUCK, '13.

On the evening of November fourteenth President Edwards, of the Baldwin University, gave a reception in honor of his daughter's nineteenth birthday. Three of the college professors were delighted with the prospect of meeting the fair young debutant, as each was single and wished to marry.

The President's reception, or rather his daughter's, was a distinct success. The climax of interest, for those present, was reached when the beautiful brunette, Ruth, clad in a magnificent gown of pink satin tipped with ermine, entered the room.

It was long past the midnight hour when Professor McWilliams and Professor Humphrey, his cousin, left the Edwards' palatial home. They at once entered into talk so earnest, so excited, that as they left the entrance and turned down Pennsylvania avenue, they failed to see a big, broad-shouldered blue-coat who was standing in the shadow of the arc lamp.

"But, cousin," one of them was saying, "listen to me, for heaven's sake, listen to me—you must do it."

"Never!" replied the other. "And if ever you—"

But the sentence was lost as the two educators crossed the street and entered the college campus.

Barely had these two men disappeared into the shadowy darkness of the university than another professor passed, muttering half under his breath and half aloud: "Too late; too late—lost!"

His suspicions aroused, Corporal Mahoney followed the trio and was surprised at their queer tactics. Reaching the far end of the grounds, the two men halted at the entrance of a broad path, still conversing in the same excited manner. Finally, with an impatient gesture, Professor Humphrey turned on his heel and started down the path. His cousin crossed the roadway and entered another path, which disappeared among the trees.

Professor Pike, noting the actions of his fellow associates, struck into a path which led to the observatory.

Retracing his steps Professor McWilliams returned to where he had just left his cousin, and then, as if an idea had struck him, he started down the path.

Almost instantly he reappeared, stepped hesitatingly into the road, dashed off, then stopped and went back to the entrance of the path. Several times these movements were repeated and then with a sudden inspiration, the professor hurriedly left the grounds.

The professor walked very briskly to the center of the huge cantilever bridge which spanned the St. James river about a quarter of a mile below the college. On the bridge, he thrust his right hand into his hip pocket, drew forth a small object, and tossed it over the railing. There was a splash and then all was silent.

Professor McWilliams walked back to town and entered his lodging house. As he turned up the light and drew the shades and then for a long time paced the room, he little thought that every time his shadow crossed the plain area of the curtain, two keen eyes noted every movement and drew conclusions therefrom. Such was the fact. Corporal Mahoney remained at his post until Professor McWilliams retired and the light was extinguished.



The next morning the learned man could hardly believe his eyes when he opened the paper and saw the headlines:

## MURDER!

PROFESSOR HUMPHREY FOUND BRUTALLY MURDERED IN THE UNIVERSITY  
GROUNDS.

Several Clues Being Used by the Local Police, Who Expect to Apprehend the  
Culprit Very Soon.

When he could gather himself together again, McWilliams put on his hat, intending to learn all in regard to his cousin's death, but as he opened the front door a pair of polished steel wristlets were snapped on his hands and a polite "Sorry to trouble you, Professor. But it is my duty as an officer to arrest you for your cousin's death."

Professor McWilliams was overcome. Mechanically he seated himself in the "van" and thought of that dear, sweet girl who was to be his wife. He wondered whether Ruth would consider him guiltless and whether his trial would be soon, or would he have to remain in jail until the justices of the law saw fit to investigate the case.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the opening day of the trial, the extraordinary circumstances of the case and the character and position of those concerned, crowded the courtroom. College dignitaries, ladies of social rank, eminent lawyers, crowded the courtroom.

The counsel for the prosecution briefly demonstrated that Professor McWilliams had two motives for the murder—love and wealth. He accomplished the deed by one terrible blow from the butt of a pocket revolver—a cowardly blow delivered from behind.

The prosecution proceeded to prove its theory of murder, touching lightly on Professor McWilliams' personal finances, and the will of the prisoner's uncle, lately deceased, by which, without so much as a dollar's allowance to the prisoner, his vast fortune was conveyed to the prisoner's cousin, Professor Humphrey. Following this, with much expressed regret at the necessity of bringing the name of so honored a lady into the case, evidence was submitted to show the intense rivalry of the two cousins for the hand of Miss Edwards.

The chief witness for the prosecution was Corporal Mahoney, who came on the stand with the same air of being master of the situation which he had worn on the morning of the arrest. He had turned down Pennsylvania avenue and had observed the prisoner emerge from the aforementioned path under great excitement. He described in detail the rousing of his curiosity, which gradually changed to suspicion, and then to conviction, as he followed Professor McWilliams on his night walk.

Corporal Mahoney then related how, at daybreak, he had again visited the bridge and had discovered what he believed to be the glittering object the prisoner had thrown over the rail—a nickel-mounted pocket revolver. A hardware clerk identified this revolver as one he had sold to Professor McWilliams on the tenth of November.

Medical experts testified that death had followed almost instantaneously. With a plaster cast they made clear by the position and direction of the depression that the blow must have been delivered from above and behind.

The butt of the pistol found by Corporal Mahoney fitted this depression.



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Closing this final evidence, the famous expert, holding out the death-mask in his left hand, raised the revolver by the barrel in his right, and said solemnly:

"For one instant, on that fatal night of November fourteenth, this revolver was raised above this innocent head—for one instant—then with terrific force descended the blow which crushed out the life of Charles Hubert Humphrey."

As he spoke these words he brought the revolver down with a crash that sent fragments of the death-mask flying over the courtroom.

This dramatic demonstration of the murder was pictured in all the papers and carried conviction to their readers. Had the public been the jury that night "Guilty" would have been their verdict.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was now the fourth week of the trial when Professor McWilliams went on the witness stand. His defense consisted in a new interpretation of the events of that fatal evening, rather than a denial of the events themselves. He admitted the dispute with Professor Humphrey. His cousin had come to him previous to the reception, and proposed to divide equally with him the fortune left by their uncle. He refused the proposal. On leaving the reception, Professor Humphrey again pressed the matter, and he had threatened that if his cousin ever broached the subject to him again he would cut his acquaintance. Regardless of this threat his cousin had continued his arguments as they walked down Pennsylvania avenue.

At the entrance of the path leading to the College Press, Professor McWilliams had left his cousin and started in the direction of his home. They had parted with some hot words on his part, words which a moment later he had regretted, and with the intention of apologizing for them he had turned to overtake his cousin. After a minute, not coming in sight of Professor Humphrey, he returned to the avenue, and possibly had acted like Corporal Mahoney testified.

Professor McWilliams also stated that as he had had a rival for Miss Edwards' hand, he had purchased the revolver with the intention of making way with himself should he be rejected. As he passed along by the College Press that night he suddenly remembered the revolver, then useless, and on the impulse of the moment had gone to the bridge and thrown it into the river.

\* \* \* \* \*

The judge had delivered his charge. The jury had been out some hours, and still had not reached an agreement.

Slowly the clock ticked away the minutes. The late afternoon light was waning, yet no one left the crowded courtroom. The strain was beginning to tell on many, when the jury returned and the foreman announced the verdict: "Guilty."

For a full sixty seconds the court and those present were held speechless. No one moved, several gasped for breath—when a deep bass voice broke the seal of that death-like silence.

"God forbid this!" exclaimed the tall, hollow-chested vision. "The decision must be reversed."

Many who had turned to see who spoke, saw the slim hand of the man grasp a chair in front of him for support.

"What means this disturbance?" asked the irritated justice of the law; "who dares to defy the verdict of this court?"

"I wish to speak, your Honor. I *must* speak. This man is innocent of the crime—innocent as a new born babe. I have just made a great discovery."

Judge Morgan rose and recognized the speaker as a man of high standing in the educational world.





"Your name and position in this community entitles you to address this assembly on a matter of so great importance. Continue, Professor Pike, if you have any valuable material for this case."

The man's countenance lighted up. He cleared his throat and then began with a clear, distinct voice:

"Every assertion made by Professor McWilliams is true. It is certain his actions on that fatal evening seem to point to him as the assassin, but *he* is not guilty. No man is guilty of the murder of Charles Hubert Humphrey.

"As I followed Professor McWilliams and his cousin I am able to confirm his statements. I noticed that the two men were interested in some matter of importance, as each was talking rapidly and appeared to be excited. As I entered the path to the observatory, I saw Professor Humphrey turn and leave his cousin.

"I take for granted that you all know I am the instructor of Astronomy at the Baldwin University. As the evening of November fourteenth was an interesting one to astronomers, I had planned to return to the observatory after Miss Edwards' delightful reception. After taking the path to the observatory I walked with my eyes fixed on the heavens above. Suddenly a dazzling light crossed my vision and blinded me for several seconds. When I reached the observatory I found several of my assistants in ecstasies over the bright meteor which had just fallen.

"I thought nothing more of the occurrence until I heard of the murder of Professor Humphrey. Then an idea struck me—was it *he*—it didn't seem possible, but only a few minutes ago as I walked near the spot where the body had been discovered, I found what I was seeking."

With this Professor Pike opened a suit case which lay at his feet and drew out a large, irregular object.

"This, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury," said he, holding the meteor above the heads of the crowd; "this is the murderer of Professor Charles Hubert Humphrey."

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## Farewell

Farewell old school, farewell old friend,

Farewell each well remembered spot,

Our four years' race is near its end,

With hope and fear for our future lot.

Four years ago, a day it seems,

Our happy, carefree freshman band,

With minds brimful of golden dreams,

Entered into this promised land.

Four years have fled, we know not where,

Our happy days are past recall.

Upon the threshold of a world of care,

We stand and wait life's bugle call.

We smile and—sigh, we say good-bye,

As from our friends and school we part;

But as the future years roll by,

We'll cherish their memory in our hearts.

F. M. HOUSE, '11.



## “Old Nat”

Wm. Lafrenz, 1911.

“Step up and have one on me, boys.”

The invitation came from Tom, the hanger-on of Rocky Gulch Camp. He seemed flush, but no one knew and none cared. They would drink with anyone who would treat, be that person a cowboy, renegade or cattle thief, doomed to hang shortly afterwards.

As it was, all jumped up at the welcome summons. All? No, not all. As we turned to see who would not accept the invitation,—for it is an insult to refuse,—we saw in one corner of the room, Old Nat, apparently oblivious to the fact that he was being stared at.

Staring straight out into space, without a spark of energy in his eyes, he looks aged before his time. But hold! A second glance into his eyes showed lurking there a hidden fire, a kind, sympathetic chord, which rightly gives him the name, “Mother Nat.” The sick whom he had nursed back to health had found it there, as did also the children of the camp. Still he was unconscious of the concentrated stare of the crowd. With one impulse, they turned toward Tom, whose lowering brow drew an ugly sneer.

“Nat, I ordered drinks, do you refuse to drink with gentlemen?”

Amidst the profound silence, the old man drew himself together with a perceptible start. Mechanically taking up a glass of whisky, he held it to the light, glanced at it for a moment, and dashed it to the floor.

A curse escaped Tom. With a quick motion he drew his gun, only to drop it to the floor with muttered oaths as Nat had the “drop.” Nat held up his hand to silence the mutters of wonder and astonishment.

“Gentlemen, I will tell you a story and then you shall decide whether or not I drink with that cur.”

A moment’s pause and then—

“It was some years ago over at the ‘Lucky Dog’ in Montana. There lived at the camp a man with his wife and a baby boy. He was a happy father and every night as he came home his wife was waiting for him at the turn. Yes, it was on the west side of the place.

“A year was spent here in happiness, and then a black cloud appeared on their horizon in the shape of the ‘bad man’ of the camp, Black Bill, a gambler and cattle thief.

“One day, just before the great rains, the man found a big nugget, much heavier than Joe’s find the other day. No happier person could have been found as he reported the find to his waiting wife. Air castles were built; they were going East; they were going to educate their boy; they were going home to relieve the old folks of the drudgery of work.

“The next morning, the Sky Pilot came to camp. You all knew him, an ex-cowpuncher, reformed under the influence of a revival meeting and two quarts of ‘liquor.’ His long, black, but shabby frock coat out of which a brace of big ‘Colts’ peeked, was a common and well known sight in the camp. He had come to visit his happy brother, and was told of the nugget and rejoiced for their sake. Not even stopping for a little poker game to show some poor mortal how the ‘Evil One’ had him in his power, he quickly

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made his way up the gulch. The door of his brother's shack was wide open. He looked in.

"There over the dead bodies of his brother's family, he vowed vengeance on 'Black Bill' if it took him to the ends of the earth. He discarded his frock coat, and rushing down into the valley, headed a posse after the murderer.

"As all you know, the 'Lucky Dog' lies in the gulch. Leading out is the trail over the mountain, down the other side into a V-shaped gulch. One leads to Deer Lodge, the other is a blind gully. The hounds trailed over the mountain and into this blind gully. A long bay, then short barks, showed they were in fault. As we came down they were wildly running up and down the banks of the stream. We set them across but they had lost the scent.

"The 'Pilot,' however, left the posse. A short march up the stream, a scratched overhanging bough, was his clue. Old tracks led to a cave. A fire was still smoldering. The cave was empty. A rear opening showed a plain trail, but all in vain, the rocky area ended that.

"Again the weary hunt began. For three years the hunted left a town, camp or claim as the 'Pilot' entered. It was the night of the great rains. Up there by the Lone Pine, they met and fought. But the devil reigned. A sudden flash of lightning seared the pine from top to bottom. The hunted escaped, the hunter was knocked unconscious.

"But now fickle Chance veered around. Luck had come to him who for years had hunted in vain. His chase ended to-night."

When the old man finished speaking he pulled himself together amidst the labored silence. The steely glitter in his usually expressionless eyes made even the strongest shudder. Quickly moving to the door, he turned, pointed his finger at Tom, who stood as if in a trance, with ghastly face and shaking limbs, "There stands 'Black Bill.'"

A shot—then silence. Out of the darkness a quavering voice: "Praise God! My brother is avenged!"

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## Determination

When Roosevelt for our nation great,  
First opened wide the Panama gate,  
The flood of waters surging through,  
The hearts of nations did imbue  
With hopes that through all future years  
Peace should rule inviolate,  
We know how men did perils dare,  
Unheeding hardships they must bear,  
But worked with such tremendous zeal  
To do this thing for the common weal,  
And with unceasing might and main  
Two great continents cut in twain.

Thus mortal man with grim intent  
May e'er do that on which he's bent.

L. RABER, '11.



## For Lick

For dear old Lick we aim to win,  
For her we strive with all our might,  
And for her honor which none can dim,  
We work and sacrifice and fight,  
For Lick.

Old Lick has led and will ever lead,  
As long as the Lick School stands,  
Her men will ever meet her need,  
We'll work together, a loyal band,  
For Lick.

And when the closing time draws near,  
These men who have worked and fought and won,  
For the Black and the Gold that we all revere,  
We'll answer simply, "Something done,"  
For Lick.

F. M. HOUSE, '11.



## The Period of Saneness

JOHN BRUCE, '12.

Old Doxer reached for his hat, which lay on the coal bin. "G'wan," he growled, "yer kin chase yersel'. I'm goin' home."

He had sat by Panon Lorestor's comfortable fireplace almost the entire evening. But now he had been disputed and he rose to go. Lorestor smiled. "Don't go," he said, "I only laughed, old man. Anyhow, I want you to meet the Spanish Cavalier."

Doxer thought of his little tug bouncing about on the waves and cast his hat on the coal heap.

"Who's this Spanish young 'un?" he asked.

"Well, Dox, he's not very young. He might be over thirty, wears a huge, black mustache; stands six foot two; is handsome, but—he's sadly and completely daffy."

"What on?" asked Doxer, "girls?"

"No! No! Just a plain lunatic. I'm taking care of him until his parent comes. She is going to take him to a warmer climate."

"All right, bring on the show," grunted Doxer, leaning back and placing his feet on the grate.

Panon went into the next room and returned with his ward.

"Captain Gabriel Dongrolos, of the Grand Lancers of the Royal Castle of Linares," he explained, and placed a chair near the fire.

The Spaniard swept an imaginary hat in salutation. "Buenos Dias," he said, and seated himself with stiff back and head erect.

"Huh?" muttered Doxer, "what's that?"

"Nothing," answer Panon severely, and Doxer sat sullenly poking the fire.

The Spaniard's small, black eyes surveyed Doxer from head to toe and then were cast again to the ceiling. Doxer grew restless. "Can't the poor beggar do nothin' but babble in dago?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Panon; then he addressed the cavalier. "Tell us a little of your experiences in Cuba, Captain. How about those slave traders?"

The handsome head turned towards Lorestor, then back to the ceiling. "Don't speak about such low men," he said, in perfect English. "Just now my mind is conceiving greater empires than Alexander or Napoleon ever dreamed of. Men with the caliber of slavers only reach the height of sea-level, then fall back into the sea. When my lancers have done their duty and conquered the land from end to end, then shall I reach out and say, 'Maiden, kiss lover, the world is a garden of roses.'" The slender hand seemed to hold a sword and waved it gently to and fro. Suddenly it stopped and the Spaniard asked excitedly: "You have my lancers in quarters, haven't you? Why didn't the corporal report this morning?"

"Why—er—you see, Captain—I—well, you were asleep when he came and I thought I'd take it and let you sleep," said Lorestor, trying hard to form an idea of a report in his mind.

"You did, did you?" roared the angry cavalier. "Give it to me immediately."

"It's just oral. He said that all were well and hoped to see you at their head again in the near future," soothed Panon, softly.



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The "report" seemed to satisfy. He was easy in mind and his stiff bearing slowly relaxed. Panon surveyed his charge with anxiety. Being a doctor of the old school, Panon Lorestor saw, by the use of his knowledge, that by releasing his patient's thoughts he was setting right an upset brain. He said no more but watched for the result of his words. The Spaniard's head lay on his breast while the clock ticked noisily. At last he lifted his head naturally.

"Ever heard of the song called 'The Spanish Cavalier?'" said the Spaniard. "Yes? Well, that was modeled after me—only I didn't die as the song says."

His would-be Utopian future seemed to have completely escaped his mind. No longer did he rave over the wild doings of his soldiers; his back was bent and his head lay heavily on his breast. The spell was over. He was sane again.

"Good heaven!" he muttered, and drew his hand across his forehead.

Old Doxer sat and stared. It was new to him. "G'wan," he gasped to his friend, "the devil's in the man."

Lorestor said nothing. He feared that noise might break the spell of rest for his patient. The respite was longer than usual. The cavalier held his hands over his face.

"Seems queer to me," he began, "that mother is delaying so long. When I saw her last it was in Jaen. Mother sat near what used to be a moat in Louis' time. I went to mother and looked over her shoulder. In her lap lay roses entwined in an unfinished wreath. Her head was bowed; she wept. 'Mother,' I said, 'what ails you?' She turned to me and dried her tears. 'My son,' she said, 'To-day, for the fifth time, the Goroe brigands captured your father. My boy, you are in your twentieth year; your father needs your help; go to him.' I gathered my boyhood friends and went after him."

Lorestor crossed the room and laid his hand on his ward's shoulder. "Hush!" he soothed. "Come; now to bed and a dreamless sleep."

"No; I must say my tale. Perhaps it will ease my brain and take away that heavy weight from off my heart."

"Perhaps," echoed Panon, and resumed his seat.

The Spaniard's head lay heavy on his breast; his breath came regularly and he seemed to doze. He continued in a dreamy voice:

"Father was soon found to be in a rock chateau in the Sierra Morena mountains. I knew the place; he was held by bandits. It was a wild sort of place. Over and beyond the valley lay a muddy range of hills. Slightly towards the west rose almost perpendicular, towering, solid granite walls that almost seemed to say, 'Impossible.' The valley lying directly below showed signs of but held no river. No water ran down the solid mountain but one tiny green stream which disappeared in a slump hole, to gush forth no more. 'Tis the valley of sin,' I cried, and we knelt in prayer.

"During the night we held a council and when morning came my companions went further back and I went alone to the brigand's chateau. On my back I wore the garb of a shepherd's helper, while my face, once bare, was adorned with a huge mustache, dirty and untrimmed; all to make myself more odious. I went boldly in and told a long tale of inflicted sufferings, and also how I wished to join their band and play with my heart in my hand. Suspicious of strangers, they demanded evidence or my life. Determination to win was strong. I tore open my clothes and showed scars I had received when a child by falling in the fire. This proved my case and I took the vows.

"And now comes the one whom I can never forget. That night I met Louisa Caloma. Those eyes; that hair—Panon, let me picture her to you as

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she leaned over the upper balcony and seemed to find my disguise quite lucid. Her beaming face, with laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks, shone out from a mass of black curls. Her skin was brown, yes, but not by weather, by nationality. A plump, little figure, indeed. A perfect picture of Spanish—let us say—childhood, for she was yet to touch her eighteenth summer.

"I forgot my mission, forgot everything—except that I had no beribboned guitar. I looked again. She was looking still and I slunk away.

"Next night I came from the lower huts and went towards the window. Somewhere a young brigand was looking for his guitar, but would still search until I came back. I played with the nimblest fingers I could control. Mother had taught me. The music was good. The window opened and I was favored with a note. It was a tiny, three-cornered slip, sweetly perfumed. I wondered why it was so and opened the note for my answer. My answer was there. She was city bred and—my heart beat fast—she would meet me on the gateway rock the next day.

"That day the troops went away to attack a force of royals and I was left behind on account of ignorance. My thoughts turned again to father. It was time to try for father's sake. In the morning I met Louisa and we pledged our love. We sat on the huge rock over the gateway and I told my tale. She was not surprised.

"‘Louisa,’ I said, ‘I have a squad of soldiers in the valley. When father is free we will race over the mountains and you shall come.’ And then as I turned, I found her pale, even through her dark-hued skin.

"I encircled my arms around her, each hand grasping a wrist. ‘Louisa,’ I whispered, ‘you are holding something from me. Something that might open a world to me. Tell me.’

"‘She broke my grasp and rushed away. ‘To-morrow,’ she said, and that was all.

"The next morning I saw my chance. The troopers had come home victorious and were celebrating on stale wine. Many lay in huddled groups; others sang until they fell exhausted. When the grounds were quiet, I accosted a semi-drunken servant.

"‘They brought a prisoner here high in life awhile back. What’s to be done with him?’

"‘Don’t bother me,’ he said; ‘the greaser went into the captain’s chateau when brought here. I don’t care for all the greasers in the world. Gimme that jug.’

"It was the same house in which I had seen Louisa and I went in fearlessly. I opened every door, not mindful of results. At last I found the goal for which I had striven so hard—father. ‘Father,’ I cried, but he did not hear. He lay face upwards on an elegant sofa. Around him was wrapped a heavy cloak. I bent to kiss him, then withdrew.

"‘Drink!’ I cried; ‘can this be my father?’

"I turned to find Louisa by my side.

"‘So soon?’ she softly said; ‘I meant later. No difference, you shall know all now.’

"She came to me and held me fast. ‘To-day,’ she said, ‘the brigands annihilated a force. That force was your own boyhood friends. You came to search for your father and you have found him; but he is yours no more. See.’

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—she drew aside the cloak. The badge of the robbers was on his breast and he wore the captain's uniform.

“‘He wears a mustache,’ she said, ‘when he leads. He knew you all the time. Every two years he has been captured, as it were, by his own men. This is only one method by which he might give an excuse for his absence.’

“She held me tight or I would have fallen. ‘I should not have made love to you,’ she concluded, ‘because—you are my stepson.’

“And I knew she spoke the truth; my home was no more.

“I turned and rushed out. The gate was not far off. I looked back and saw a flaming sign slowly mount upon the arch, ‘The Valley of Sin.’

“Then I ran and ran, anywhere, everywhere—among the trees. And O, my gallant hussars—gone, to a man. So she said, but I know different. Hear that, warden? That’s their bngle. Let me go, I must go to them.”

His head slowly lifted, his back straightened. He was their captain again.

Old Doxer arose and brushed the coal dust from off his hat. “G’wan,” he said, “I’m goin’ home.”





## The Outcast

ARTHUR WYNNE, '11.

The Manchus were panic-stricken. The plague, never dead but slumbering always in the lands of the flying dragon, had now awakened and like a raging torrent was sweeping all before it. Those of the Chinese whose ignorance was not so profound as to be without knowledge of the danger of the disease, fled from the plague-stricken regions to the Amur frontier, only to find it guarded by the Russian Cossacks with orders to fire on any of the Chinese who tried to cross and refused to turn back upon being commanded to do so. Many of the little, sallow-faced people turned their almond eyes on the death-dealing guns of the guards; the terror and fear in their heathen bodies sneaking forth, they hesitated in their weary slouching forward—which cannot be called a walk—turned those same little eyes back toward whence they came, then once again on the guns, and—slouched on. The Cossacks fired. But they chose that death rather than the one which lurked behind. Others less courageous huddled closely together on the snow-covered ground, like a flock of frightened sheep, and awaited the black death with increasing horror. Some murmured a prayer to the great Kon Fuschus to preserve them, but they lacked confidence in the result even as they prayed. To the prayer they were but half-attentive, muttering only a series of meaningless phrases, thinking only of the yellow peril, the black plague. Their flight from the cursed and stricken country had done but little good, for they could not go out into Siberia; near the border, where the Manchus swarmed, there was not enough, even of the wretched huts, to shelter the fugitives; and, alas! what was worse, they had brought the plague bacillus along with them. Already the germ had begun its deadly work.

Back in the villages and towns where the fugitives came from, conditions were even worse. And Tu Kon Fuschus, a direct descendant of the great philosopher whose name he bore, found them so when he had plucked up courage enough to return, with pretty Ah Sung Lung at his heels, from the border where he had fled. Finding the only avenue of escape from the terrible terror guarded, and not having courage enough to walk on to death from the shells of the Cossacks' rifles, Tu had stabbed a guard to death in the dark of night, leaving Siberia open before him. As he stood facing the land that meant life to him, the half-muttered prayer of the whimpering, fated Manchus had come to his ears. The manhood in him was aroused; the doctor in him had awakened. Throwing the bloody dagger far out into the snow, he turned his back on Amur to give his skill to aid his countrymen.

On the journey to and from the frontier the simple little Ah Sung Lung had followed him. To her the plague was nothing; he was everything. She loved him; but he seemed utterly unconscious of her existence, ignoring her absolutely. Ah had witnessed his awakening and a great joy had filled her heart. Now, perhaps, he would also come to love her. But in this she had been mistaken; changed as he was in other things, his disregard for her was the same.

When he arrived in Harbin the streets were strewn with the dead; the corpses lay just where the black death had overtaken them. As he passed a door, the body of a baby was thrown out; soon there was a mad yelping of dogs and in a few moments the brutes were eating of the plague-stricken corpse.



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Bands of coolies were going about murdering, plundering, and robbing the dead. To his surprise Tu found but little being done to stop this, or the spread of the epidemic.

Arriving at the street on which his parents lived, he saw that a house was being attacked by one of these bands. The coolies poured a heavy fire into the building, which was answered only by a feeble volley. When he came closer, he recognized the place. It was his family home. He broke into a run in his anxiety to come to their aid. Ah Sung Lung tried to keep closely behind him, as she usually did, but found his pace too fast for her tiny feet. A short distance from the fight a coolie sprawled, dying with a bullet in his chest. Grasping a rifle and sabre from the fallen plunderer, Tu fought his way amongst the marauders. Coming up in his rear, one was about to slay him, when little Ah, out of breath and running at top speed, plunged a knife into the neck of the would-be assassin. The dagger was the one with which Tu had killed the Cossack. Tu Kon Fuschus cast one indifferent glance back and then, without noticing her, cut a path through the vultures. Keeping but one step behind, Ah Sung Lung guarded him from another rear attack. The murderous coolies fell before him on all sides, but he went through them all without a scratch and she complained of no wound. When Tu reached the house, he found his family had given up hope, and were about to give in. His arrival now stirred up new vigor in them. Soon the marauders were routed. His family hailed him as their deliverer.

But there was no time for praise—there was time only for work. The house in which his parents resided would never do: too many cases of plague were close at hand. So he moved them to the house that he had made his own home for two years, where they were safe from infection. First, he had saved them from the murdering hands of the coolies, now he had rescued them from the plague's horrible death. Again they welcomed him as their savior.

From the care of his relatives his thoughts now extended to the welfare of the city in general. After many difficulties and reverses with the city authorities he made them see that the only thing to do was to work in co-operation, through groups of authorized men.

The question that arose after this body of men was organized was what to do with the uncared for dead. To bury them meant to give life to the plague germs, which exist on moisture; to burn them meant the violation of the traditions of Chinese customs for over four thousand years. Yet, Tu decided, there was but one thing to do—burn them. After a long fight he won the authorities over to his side. Fifteen hundred corpses were burned in one day. Then the people rose against it. A custom of four thousand years was not so easy to break. But Tu had the burning continued until the men were shot down at work. Then he stopped it. The ignorant Manchus, not daring to touch or come close to the pyre of the plague-stricken victims, gathered nearby. Here Tu went to address them; they hissed, hooted, threw stones and even fired at him; but he stood unmoved by it all. Finally they ceased; his nerve had won an audience for him. With his best skill, he told of the work that had already been accomplished, of what would be done if—ah, if, he said—if the conflagration of the bodies was allowed to be carried on unhindered. To stamp out the black death by which they were all now threatened, this was a necessary step, the most necessary. He explained the existence of germs on moisture; their disappearance at a high temperature. He dealt especially on the terror of the disease and the necessity of burning the dead. The plague and the fear of it in



their primitive souls was a strong argument indeed, and there was much truth, they thought, in what he said. Yet, not one in the mob could remember of his grandfather, or his grandfather's grandfather, or even of his grandfather's grandfather's grandfather, being burned. If for four thousand years the burning of the dead was against the religion and custom, and if their fathers could live, in fact, die, without breaking that tradition, why should they? No, the pyres must be lit no more.

Tu turned to go, disappointed, sick at heart, defeated in his efforts by the very people for whom these efforts were made, when a voice far back in the crowd caught his attention. It was a voice he might have known had he not looked with contempt on its owner, but he did not recognize it. It was sounding his praises, telling of his great work; he would save them from the awful fiend which had claimed the lives of so many of their cousins. Was it not contrary to their religious rites? How would the voice answer that, Tu wondered. The speaker changed her tone to one of mystery and piety. Was the great doctor not a direct descendant of (here she touched her brow to the ground as did the others, also) their great founder, Kon Fuschus, the philosopher? She waited for them to nod an assent, then continued: Who could tell? might not the Great Father have sent a message of hope and of life through his descendant? The idea caught the fancy of a single one; might it not be true! It was true, and so he told his neighbor. The change was ever so slight. The one believer kindled the crowd as a tiny match sets fire to an immense pile of chips, which once started, burn of their own accord. In a few moments the story spread and grew. Tu Kon Fuschus had seen his family originator in a vision and had been told what to do to wipe out the plague. Some still doubted; they were convinced when she, who had spoken, to show her own belief, offered the body of her dead brother to be burned.

The mob was swayed; the work could go on. Tu discovered the speaker and, finding that she was Ah Sung Lung, went disgustedly away.

The next day hundreds of bodies and coffins were piled up, soaked with oil and burned. In three days the streets were cleaned.

Tu's duties—those he made for himself—were by no means pleasant. Into the very heart of the town of death he went. The epidemic was of the pneumonic type, which is the most terrible of all infectious diseases. The infection was carried by the air, making it extremely more dangerous than the bubonic plague. The doctors when at work had to mask themselves from head to foot, the face being covered with a linen mask and goggles. They breathed through a pad of lint, soaked in carbolic acid, which killed the bacilli before they could enter the nostrils or mouth. Regardless of this, many of the faithful doctors found the same death as their parents. That Tu did not become infected—how he escaped it, living among the sickened as he did—seemed marvelous. Still Tu never hesitated, never thought of himself, but toiled on and on.

From day to day new measures were planned and carried out. If the epidemic was to be exterminated the rats must go. A war on the germ-carrying animals followed. That the plague-stricken must be separated from the healthy was evident; buildings were then isolated to be used as pesthouses, where the doomed were sent to die. A medical cart going through the almost forsaken streets and alleys, picked up those who were infected, and brought them to the quarantine station buildings. The victims, huddled in some obscure corner, leaned weakly against the dirty wall, or sat on a rotten doorstep of a deserted

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hut, awaiting, almost dead from fright, the wagon which would bring them to their death chamber.

The ignorant, who before did not know of the terror of the disease, now realized all its dangers and fought with the authorities for its extermination. Yet with all these precautions the plague spread.

In the face of all these odds, Tu Kon Fuschus worked on. If with the aid of the best medical service China had ever known and which he had now established, the plague victims grew in number, what would they have reached if the black death had been left to run riot?

Tu, however, was not satisfied. More stringent rules were made and put into effect. All persons becoming ill or showing the symptoms of the grave-sending malady, which he had discovered to be fever, headaches, giddiness, weakness with staggering gait, tiredness, delirium, and the swelling of certain glands, were examined immediately to see if any of the plague bacilli could be found. If any were discovered, the plague-stricken person was sent out to the pest-house, his family quarantined as "contacts," and their home burnt to destroy the germs, which cannot exist at a very high temperature.

During Tu's fight with the epidemic, Ah Sung Lung did much to help him; but he cared naught for her assistance. In return she received that same disregard to which she had almost grown accustomed.

A month had passed and still those called by the black death grew. The fear of the disease frightened many of the doctors away; but there were more now on the way from America, England, Germany, and all Europe to take their places. The plague had become an international concern. The name of Dr. Tu Kon Fuschus had become known over the whole globe for his great humane work in the face of such dangers and drawbacks.

It was just at this time that Tu came home early one evening, worn out. He usually worked nearly all night and day. At dinner he ate but little and appeared to be very tired. His brother asked him if he were ill. He complained of a slight headache. His temperature showed that he had a fever. When he got up to walk his head was giddy and his legs staggered. The family looked at each other significantly. After he had retired a general discussion was held. There was no doubt in their minds, he had all the symptoms, Tu had the plague! He, too, had caught it at last. He should have been more careful of his relations, they believed, than to bring the plague in upon them. They forgot how he had twice saved them. If they reported him to the authorities, they would be quarantined and their home burned. Ah! there was a better way than that, a method by which he would be sent to the pest-house and they would escape the quarantine.

Arousing the doctor from his slumber, they told him that he must go. He stood blinking, half-asleep, half-awake, not knowing what to make of it. After a time he came to realize that they believed he had the plague. If further evidence was needed, there was a swelling that they had not noticed before. That it was due to a bruise he had received while at work, as Tu said, they would not believe. The idea was ridiculous, he thought. They stood about him masked as fully as the doctors among the plague-stricken, telling him he had every symptom. They would not wait for him to be tested, they would be quarantined then and their house burned. He must leave immediately as the medical cart would pass by soon on its regular round of the devastated town.

As Tu stood, he thought of the aid he had given them and what they were doing in return. There seemed nothing for which to live and, without a

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word, he left the house, an outcast. Into his mind a doubt was slowly creeping, —perhaps they were right; perhaps he, too, was doomed.

The rattle of the cart was heard as he reached the street and a figure of a girl came to meet him.

"Tu," she said, anxiously, "are you sick? You came home so early."

Tu Kon Fuschus looked up. Here at last was some one who cared; Ah Sung Lung, whom he had treated almost brutally.

She advanced closer and held out her hand toward him, "You are sick!"

What if he should be infected—the doubt had grown. He must not let the only person who thought of his welfare receive the death-bringing bacillus from him. "Don't touch me," he shouted; "Don't come near."

The girl shrunk back. Would he never care for her?

Tu, guessing her thoughts from her actions, answered quickly, "It isn't that. It is because—now—I love you. But I might have——"

"Hey, driver," shouted the voice of his brother from the barred window behind him. "Here's a fellow with the plague."

Before Tu could stop her Ah had her arms about his neck and, pulling his head down, kissed him. If he had the plague, she, too, would now have become infected—and for that she was glad. Tu strove to push her away, hoping, against hope, that it might not be too late to save her, even though he himself might be stricken with the plague.

The cart stopped.

"Do you know him?" asked the driver.

"No," lied Tu's brother. That Tu would not be recognized he was assured, for the driver had only seen the doctor when masked at work. "He's just been hanging around here. Most probably he'll tell you he's Dr. Kon Fuschus, my brother. You know they get delirious."

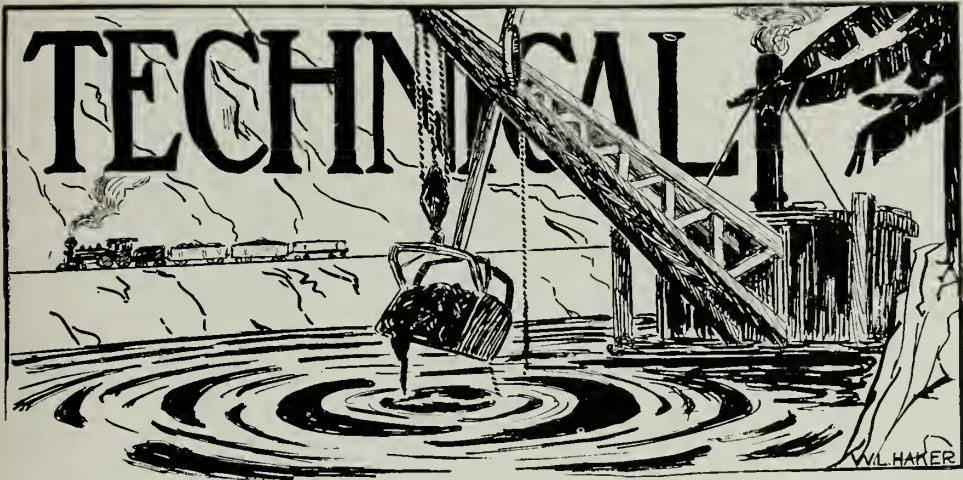
"All right," answered the driver. "Hey, you fellow, get in there. Get in there, do you hear me?"

"Farewell, little constancy," whispered Tu tenderly as he started for the wagon.

"No—not farewell, for I, too, am coming, I would rather die with you, than without you."

Hand in hand they entered the cart, from which but one in a hundred ever returned.





## The Manufacture of Paper

WALTER J. UNNA, '11.

Paper manufacturing has undoubtedly been known to the Chinese and Japanese since very early times. Germany and France obtained it from Spain, where it was introduced by the Moors some time in the twelfth century. England was slow to establish paper mills, and the first one in America was erected in Philadelphia in 1690.

Henry Fourdrinier invented the first paper-making machine, for up to his time (in the 19th century) it had all been made by hand.

In the early days, paper was made from cast-off clothing, old textiles, and waste from the looms, which were all classified as rags. As paper-making spread, it became necessary to have other materials as constituents, and certain straws, grasses and wood pulp proved very successful, although the paper made from vegetable fibre is inferior in strength and finish to that made from rags.

In the manufacture of paper from plant fibre, the fibre must be free from all other substances incorporated in it during growth. Small, short and smooth fibres yield a smooth, brittle and easily torn paper, while the long, rough fibres make a tougher one. The short fibres usually come from straw, while the longer ones are obtained from hemp and flax.

The first step in the manufacture of paper is to sort the rags into several grades. Linen and cotton are separated, and each assorted into different grades. They are then cut and dry cleaned, after which they are boiled in an alkali solution by means of steam under pressure. The alkali removes the coloring, and reduces all fatty matter to a soluble state. The boiling is done in spherical boilers which revolve slowly. When the boiling is complete, the liquid is drawn off, and the rags washed in cold water, in order to remove the alkali. This is done in a large vat, through which clean water is flowing. Revolving knives cut up the rags and remove nails and buttons, and this is kept up until the rags are reduced to a pulpy condition.

The other sources of paper, such as straw, grass or wood, require a much more vigorous treatment. The grass is dusted and boiled with a soda solution which is much stronger than that used with rags. The grass is then washed, cut, and reduced to pulp. Straw requires more boiling and more soda. The wood pulp is that obtained either by grinding or by chemical disintegration. The first named is inferior to the other and is only used for cheap paper.

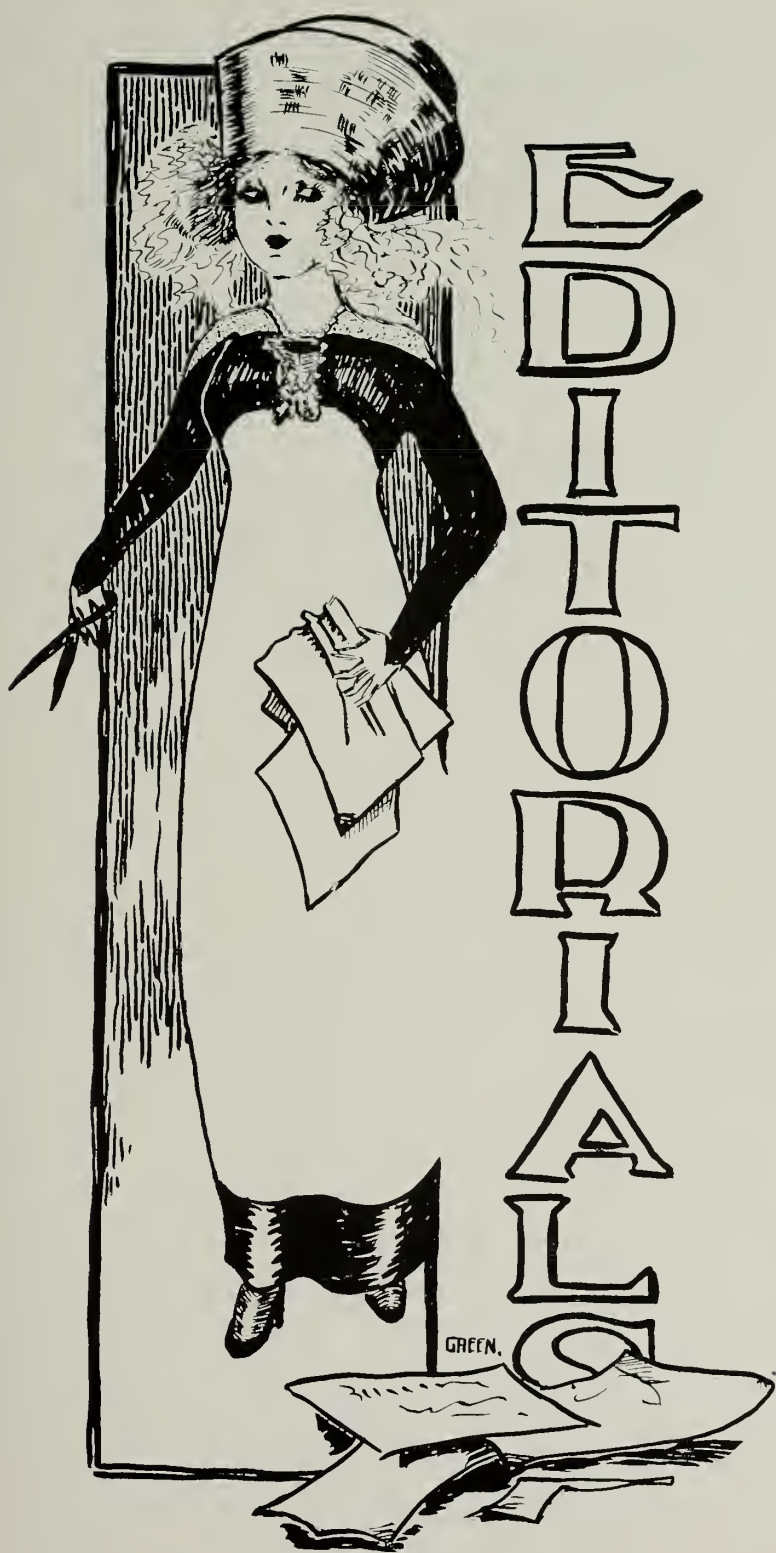
All paper that is to be white must be bleached, and this is done by mixing



the pulp with a solution of calcium hypochlorite. In order to obtain perfect bleaching, there must be an excess of the bleacher present, although if this excess is too great, the lasting qualities of the paper are destroyed.

The pulp is then purified further, and the solution of salts produced by the action of the bleach, removed by thinning with water, and causing it to flow over a table consisting of an endless wire cloth. This is called a "presse-pate," and acts as the principle upon which the paper is formed.

Fibres, when suspended in water, will not pass through a wire cloth, and so the water is drained off. The thin pulp is then pumped slowly through troughs, where any heavy particles, such as sand, fall to the bottom. The pulp is then strained to remove large sticks and rags which have escaped breaking, and later the water and impurities are strained out. It now passes under a felt-covered roller, which, being wet, removes the fibre from the wire cloth. It then passes between high pressure rollers which squeeze out more water, and leave the dry pulp, or "half-stuff," which resembles thick blotting paper. It is again mixed with water, and this time coloring matter and fine china clay are added to fill up the spaces between the fibres. Resin soap and aluminum sulphate are sometimes added to render the fibres impervious to water, and prevent the ink from spreading. The pulp now resembles milk, and flows upon a fine wire mesh, which, besides having a forward motion, has a rolling side motion which settles the fibres. It is passed between a "dandy-roller," which revolves at the same speed as the wire mesh, and imparts the "laid" appearance and the water-mark. It consists of a skeleton roller covered with wire gauze, and woven on it and standing in relief is the device to be imparted to the paper. The pulp and gauze now pass under a felt-covered roller, the pulp being conveyed by a belt between two pairs of heavy "pressure-rollers," from which it is led over a number of drying cylinders, which are heated internally by steam, and by which the surplus water is evaporated. It then passes between chilled iron rollers, which compress it and impart a certain finish to the surface. It is wound upon reels, and is ready for the market.





EARLE W. BROWN, Editor

JOHN D. BLACK, Manager

#### EDITORIAL STAFF.

CATHERINE J. BOYLE.....	Literature
WILLIAM R. McNAIR.....	Literature
LAURENCE R. CHILCOTE.....	Technical
CARL B. MEYER.....	Exchanges
GEORGE J. SIEBENHAUER.....	Exchanges
HENRIETTA FELDERMANN .....	School Notes
REUBEN W. HILLS, JR. ....	School Notes
DANIEL W. ROHRBACK, '10.....	Alumni
WILLARD W. BEATTY, '09.....	Alumni
ANNA ERLANDSON .....	Shop Notes
J. O. KLEIN .....	Shop Notes
J. BRUCE .....	Shop Notes
HILDA BETTOLI .....	Athletics
FRANK M. HOUSE .....	Athletics
ARTHUR W. WYNNE .....	Athletics
SYLVIA SIMONS .....	Joshes
ELLARD L. SLACK .....	Joshes
HORACE HIRSCHLER .....	Photographer
ARTHUR MEYN .....	Photographer
CHARLEY MOWDER .....	Art
J. K. MARTENSTEIN .....	Art
LOUIS WINTER .....	Art

#### MANAGER'S STAFF.

M. WIEDENTHAL	F. H. HALBERT	T. W. HARRON	L. LITCHFIELD
E. VELISARATOS	MISS MADELINE BARIEAU	MISS SOPHIE FELDERMANN	

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## Acknowledgments

This, the Commencement issue of THE TIGER, is the last number of the present staff, and it is with regret that the editor lays down his pleasant task and makes way for the new management. Throughout the year many difficulties have arisen, but were finally overcome due to the faculty's kind interest and helpful suggestions. To them THE TIGER owes a great deal, but here its gratitude can only be expressed. The staff has done excellent work and to them I give my heartfelt thanks. A word of appreciation is due a number of persons whose names do not follow their work, and are not mentioned in the regular departments in this issue.

The heading for each page is the work of C. Mowder, '12. This is the second time that a drawing contributed by C. Mowder has graced the top of each page. The Class Histories are written by a representative of each of the four classes, and THE TIGER wishes to thank G. Heyneman, '11; H. Carmichael, '12; Pilli, '13, and Leichenring, '14, for their careful, painstaking efforts in the writing of these articles. The editor and manager were greatly helped in the collection of nicknames, etc., for the Seniors, and to W. McNair, G. Siebenhauer, and Miss Sophie Feldermann, '11, much credit is due for their valuable service in this work.

Miss Catherine Boyle has worked hard and earnestly in the preparation of this issue, especially on the department devoted to the girls, and the editor takes this opportunity to thank her for her untiring efforts.

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## A Word to the Parting

A few more days and we will be leaving the school to which we owe more than we at first think. In leaving Lick, a feeling of deep sorrow and regret steals over us. It is only now that we realize and appreciate that which the teachers have done for us. In behalf of the Senior Class THE TIGER wishes to thank them for their interest and kindness to us all.

We shall leave Lick and go out into the world as men and women, but never shall we forget the school in which we have spent four of our happiest years. Everyone of us can now realize only how closely we have become attached to our school, and it is now that we shall care more for the welfare of Lick than ever before. There is but one way to keep in touch with your fellow classmates and your school, and that is to be a member of the Alumni Association of the C. S. M. A. It is THE TIGER's sincere wish that every member of the Class of 1911 will become a member of this society, which is endeavoring to do an unlimited amount of good for the school it so dearly loves.

# MANAGER'S STAFF



L. Litchfield

F. Halbert

T. Harron

M. Wiedenthal

Miss M. Barieau

Miss S. Feldermann

E. Velisaratos

## To Our Readers

In presenting this issue of THE TIGER to our many friends, we trust that it has given proper recognition to our school. We have endeavored to be simple and elevating in all respects. We can not say that it is a decided improvement over former editions or that it is free from faults, but suffice it to say that we hope our readers will be interested and criticize with charity. It has been our one aim to please everyone and in this respect we hope we have succeeded.



EDITOR'S STAFF



This is our last opportunity to criticize exchanges. We must now turn over our task to our successors. If our criticisms have seemed harsh, it was because of our inexperience. We wish we could continue this task, for experience would make us lenient. It has been interesting to watch the improvement in some of our exchanges, yet in one year it is impossible to tell whether the improvement will be permanent or not. It is hard to give a general criticism on all the exchanges, except that the general standard has been high. But the personal contact with the organs of so many schools has broadened our horizon, and it is with reluctance that we lay down this pleasant task.

*Wilmerding Life*, San Francisco, Cal.—Your paper on the whole is very good, especially in the character of its cuts and general arrangement. The literary department is well worth reading, and the other departments are well edited.

*The Scribe*, Oakland Poly, Cal.—Again we must complain of your lacking in a vital department. You wish others to criticize you, why not do the same by them? *Scribe*, turn your pen toward an Exchange Department. In other respects your paper is good. We find nothing to criticize, also nothing which deserves special mention. Try and show a little more originality.

*The Crimson and White*, Albany, N. Y.—Your midwinter number is an excellent one, and we wish to congratulate you especially upon the "Exchange" and "Josh" departments. The former is wonderfully complete and very gratifying to us as you seem to be one of the few eastern papers who appreciate and profit by an Exchange column. One thing, however, which would greatly add to your paper is a better class of cuts and more of them.

*Hitchcock Sentinel*, San Rafael, Cal.—Your little paper is up to its usual progressive standard, and is as snappy and breezy a little sheet as we number among our Exchanges.

*Totem*, Seattle, Wash., seems to be a trifle inconsistent. You criticize the *Review*, Hamilton, Ohio, for having ads in the reading matter, and in your March number you do the very same thing, and we agree with your criticism that it would be better if it were not so. Your paper on the whole is good. The material is well edited and your unique form is quite attractive. A few more cuts, however, would be a great addition to the paper.

*The High School Herald*, Westfield, Mass.—The literary department of your paper is very good, but a few more stories would make it of a still higher order. "The Girl in Blue" and "A Narrow Escape" are especially worthy of mention. However, your cuts fall far below the standard of the literary department, and a few more jokes are needed to make your paper complete.





*The Calendar*, Buffalo, N. Y.—“Bird Migrations” is a very interesting and instructive article and of a kind not usually found in school papers. “Hash” is the largest and best joke column we have run across in a long time, but why not gather a few jokes from the school, too? There is a decided lack of cuts in *The Calendar*. A few more would improve it. Also where is your exchange column?

*Maroon and White*, Wardner, Idaho.—Considering that this is your first year and the obstacles that you have had to overcome, your showing is very creditable. In the future, however, refrain from placing an ad. on your cover, for it looks like a joke to see the title underneath in glaring type, “For Sale Cheap.” Also a few stories are needed to bring up the standard of the *Maroon and White*. Though the photographs in this number are very interesting, drawings in their places or at the head of the departments would show the artistic ability of the school.

*Hawkins Hammer*, Gallatin, Tenn.—Cuts are a necessary part of a school paper, and they are entirely lacking in the *Hawkins Hammer*. The ad. just above the title on the first page is altogether out of place. Your stories are much too short and do not come up to the standard. Why do you scatter jokes amongst the criticism of exchanges? Are they to entice the unwary reader into reading the criticisms?

*Tocsin*, Santa Clara, Cal.—Your paper makes a very good appearance and is a credit to your school. The simplicity of the cover design of your March number is very effective. Your stories are about as good as those in the average school paper, but the size of your joke department and the snappiness of the jokes are far above the average. But where is the heading for this department? Writing up school notes as “The Nooz” is a new departure and makes this department very interesting.

*The Focus*, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.—Your cover is certainly a good introduction to your paper, for its simplicity makes a very good impression, but there should be cuts inside at the head of your different departments. The names of the editors should not be placed at the head of the literary section as they belong with the editorials. There is certainly no lack of story-writers in All Saints School, for the variety and high standard of the stories testifies to this. “A Stage Coach Day” contains some good character descriptions. “From the Children’s Schoolbag” contains some very interesting stories for the work of grammar school children. “Lighter Rays” contains some good jokes.

*The Oracle*, Bakersfield, Cal.—The literary department of *The Oracle* makes up for all other defects. “Educating Father” contains a good idea and is well worked up, but the football subject is rather overworked in high school papers. “Me, Mickey and de Sissy Kid” is a really good dialect story, and the burlesque ending is a fitting climax to this mock adventure story. The appearance of *The Oracle* would be improved if it were printed in one instead of two columns to the page. While we have no fault to find with the cover, there is a lack of good cuts inside.

*The Item*, Pasadena, Cal.—*The Item* is a very neat little paper. There are a good many cuts in *The Item*, but if they were a little larger and of a little better quality they would improve the paper. The list of editors does not belong opposite the first page. Put them at the head of your editorials. Your jokes lack point to an outsider; an improvement here would be welcomed. “Suzy and the Cows” is a true picture of boy nature and depicts the way they treat all newcomers very realistically. “The Winged Victory” is a continued story; such a story is not often found in school papers, and the first installment excites the interest to the topmost notch. Writing the exchanges in the form of a poem is something new. Poetry, however, is not the proper vehicle for criticism.

*Pelican*, University of California.—Pelly made us laugh. That’s all and that’s enough.

# THE TIGER

*The Cardinal*, Portland, Ore.—The cover design of *The Cardinal* is very unique, but the artistic work of the rest of the paper is poor. The cut for debating is especially bad, and those for athletics, school notes and exchanges need improving. The greater part of your jokes are so personal that an outsider cannot see the point. "The Triumphs of Labor" is rather an odd story for a school paper, but the ending is too good to be true. "The Hunting of Black Wolf" holds the interest as few stories in school papers do.

*Tri-Weekly Handikraft*, Honolulu, Hawaii.—We wish to commend the efforts of the students of the Kamehameha schools in publishing a paper three times a week.

*The Clarion*, Salem, Ore.—The Lemon Tree is the best part of *The Clarion*. It is not often that such a large joke column is found, especially one containing so many excellent limericks. Why not group society, local and school notes under one head? The cut for exchanges is not nearly as good as the other cuts. It is very poor. Your stories are too sensational. This makes farces out of otherwise serious stories. "The Originality of a Boy" is the worst example of this kind.

*The Gong*, Escondido, Cal., is one of our best exchanges. It is well edited, contains splendid material and is interesting from cover to cover. Having all the ads at the back would, however, add greatly to the finish of the paper. The stories are clever and the editing of the various departments are excellent.

*The Owl*, Fresno High School, Cal., contains two exceedingly clever stories in the February number. In fact, the literary department is one of the best among our exchanges. Your other departments are also well handled with the exception of the cuts. Some of these are good, others are bad, and it is always the bad ones that people notice and comment upon. Try and improve the cuts. Otherwise congratulations, *Owl*.

*Wild Cat*, Los Gatos High School, Cal., is an especially good paper, excellently edited and containing splendid material. The literary department, as well as the others are fine and the cuts are excellent. Two things, however, mar the appearance of the paper, namely, the poor cover design and the introducing of ads in the reading matter. Remedy these two faults, *Wild Cat*, and you have a superb paper.

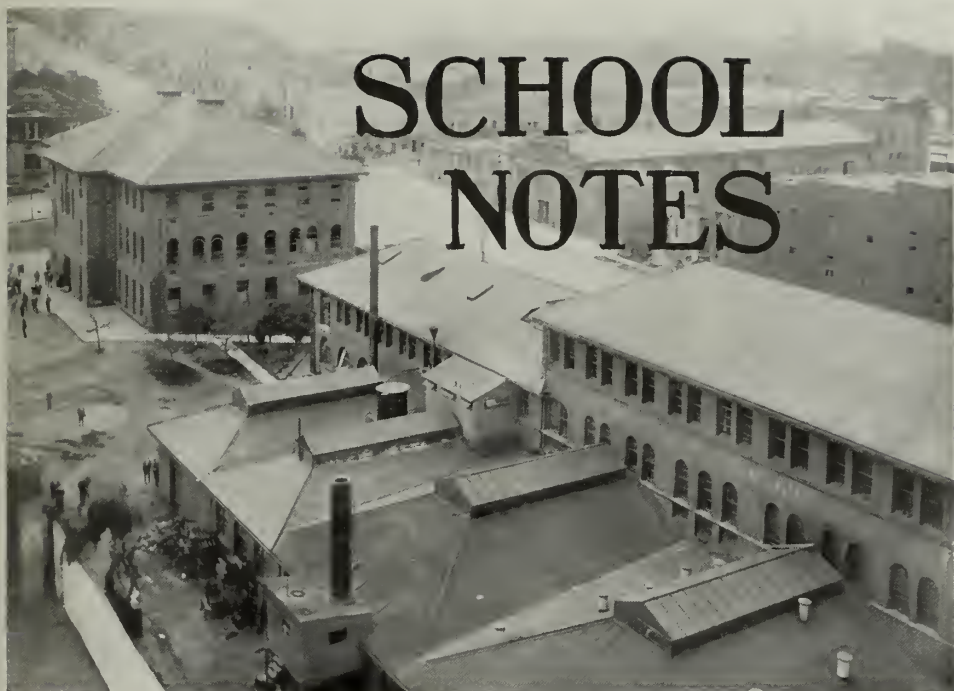
*The Franklin*, Cincinnati, Ohio, contains excellent material and is well edited. The manager seems to have been particularly lively, but it seems to us that the editor could have done more with the large revenue the ads must have brought. A better class of cuts is needed and some of your stories could well have been left out, as they seem to be rather childishly written for a high-school paper. An "Inning From the World's Series" is a very clever story, however, as is "A Call on Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

*Kods and Becks*, Berkeley, Cal., is a well edited and highly interesting paper. We can find nothing to criticize and wish to congratulate the girls who have contributed to its success. Our only suggestion is that you try to introduce a few more cuts.

*The Courier*, Boise, Idaho, is one of the most ambitious papers in the scope of its articles that we have received. Your very successful attempt to present the advantages of your State to your readers shows an interest and ambition rarely found in a high school publication. Your entire issue is well worth reading and is well edited. The photographs and cuts are excellent and we wish especially to compliment you on your "Joshes."

*Cogswell*, San Francisco, Cal.—You are one of our best exchanges, *Cogswell*. All your departments are well edited and well worth reading. The cuts are exceptionally good and the literary department contains good stories. The only thing which needs improvement is your cover design. It is way below the standard of the rest of your paper.

# SCHOOL NOTES





## The Senior Class Play

On Saturday evening, March 4, 1911, the Class of 1911 presented, as has been the custom for four years, a Senior class play at the Valencia Theater. The play chosen, "A Night Off," was one of Augustin Daly's compositions in which Otis Skinner and May Irwin starred.

Notwithstanding the fact that "A Night Off" was given on a decidedly off night, for the rain came down hard enough to dampen the spirits of many an actor, it was one of the great triumphs of a particularly successful senior year. Coach Maurice A. Stuart exhibited once more his varied experience in handling high school theatricals, and for the fourth time his services were decidedly appreciated.

The story of the play centered around the production of a Roman tragedy, by Prof. Justinian Babbitt (Frank House), and staged by the great tragedian—Marcus Brutus Snap (Julius O. Klein). This Roman tragedy, written by Prof. Babbitt in his college days, offered opportunity for Jack Mulberry, which part was taken by Lloyd Litchfield, to fall desperately in love with the charming Miss Nisbe Babbitt (Miss Anna Erlandson). Jack, who left his English home, where his father, Lord Mulberry (Walter Unna), held sway over large estates, had joined Snap's great combination of theatrical talent, and when Snap managed to get the Professor's consent to produce the tragedy, the principal part was assigned to Jack. Much to his surprise, he finds the Professor's son-in-law, Harry Damask (R. W. Hills Jr.), is an old college chum of his. He meets Miss Nisbe and later Harry's wife, Angelica (Miss Agnes Fraser). Much of the humor is furnished at this point by Angelica's curiosity as to her husband's past life, and Jack, intending to help his friend out, paints a most marvelous story of high life in college. Poor Harry, when confronted by his indignant wife, is obliged to use marvelous ingenuity in getting himself out of the scrape.

The poor Professor is rapidly becoming thin from worry over his production, and to make matters worse, his wife, Zantippa Babbitt (Miss Marion Kirkwood), returns with Nisbe two weeks earlier than expected.

As the night approaches for the production of the great tragedy, it is suddenly discovered that there are not enough members in Snap's company to fill the cast, and it is at this point that the marvelous intellect of Snap's "wife" presents itself, and the way in which that marvelous woman adapted "the play to the card" was wonderful. "My wife" did not appear upon the stage, but her word was law—and she handled the production of the tragedy with wondrous results, as was seen later.

At last the great night arrived, and with it a complexity of trouble. Mrs. Babbitt, strictly opposed to theater-going, had not been told of the Professor's debut into play-writing circles, and as a result the endeavors of the Professor and Harry to get to the theater were convulsingly funny. The first to leave was Susan (Miss Madaline Barieau), who was going to attend the production if she "was bounced the next day." Susan, throughout the play, supplied a goodly percentage of the comedy, and when she cried, her "tears as big as cart wheels" and her heartrending screams made the audience roar with laughter.

Next the Professor and Harry endeavored to make their escape, but Mrs. Babbitt announces that she has planned a family re-union. Thereupon the two



FARCE CAST



F. House  
C. Meier

M. Kirkwood  
L. Litchfield

W. Tuna  
A. Espelandson

J. Klein

M. Barbeau  
A. Fraser

E. Lenzon  
R. Ellis

# THE TIGER

men conceive a plan in which the Professor becomes angry at Nisbe and sends her from the room; then Harry steps in and the Professor, furious at the interruption, leaves the house, and Harry follows to apologize. The plan worked to perfection and the three plotters met outside and went to the theater. Lord Mulberry, at this point, makes his second visit, and his lordship's philosophy regarding his truant son Jack, is humorous to the extreme. By the time he left, Mrs. Babbitt and her daughter, Angelica, were in a state of terror, caused by his peculiar action, and the lord, thinking that the two ladies knew who he was, imagined that he had stumbled into a "family of lunatics" and left rather hurriedly.

The surprised silence following his leave was suddenly broken by a wild shriek of woe from without and Susan enters, making excellent use of her vocal organs. She was closely followed by Nisbe, and between sobs Mrs. Babbitt and Angelica discovered that the Professor had been giving a play and that the production was vociferously and energetically hissed off the stage. There followed a wild scurry for "hot drops" to relieve the two girls. When the room was clear, Harry and the Professor entered, the latter in a state of collapse, and soon after Snap appeared, completely covered up in an immense ulster. He indignantly laid the blame of the failure, not upon the company, but upon Harry's parrot, which squeaked at the critical moment of the play, "Kiss me, darling!" At this juncture Mrs. Babbitt and Angelica entered and, to save the situation, the Professor introduces Snap as Professor Polhemus from New York. He was cordially asked by Mrs. Babbitt to have a cup of tea, and when his coat was removed by Harry and the Professor, he was discovered in Roman warrior's costume. Mrs. Babbitt faints and the rest are nearly in a state of collapse as the act closes.

The last act brings to a happy conclusion the troubles of the Professor; Lord Mulberry finds his son Jack, and permission is obtained for Nisbe to marry young Mulberry. As the whole family is packing, preparatory to leaving for New York, Snap rushes in with the joyous tidings that by his "wife's presence of mind" the play had been saved, for she, at the moment of failure, had substituted in the place of the Professor's tragedy, "A Night Off."

The parts were admirably fitted and much credit is due to the coach for making the cast live the parts, particularly Snap and Susan, who were responsible for the comedy; the doctor and his parrot, and the Professor for the tragedy. A great deal of credit is due Miss Otto and Miss Wilkins, whose untiring efforts were instrumental for the success of the play.

The Senior play has come to stay and is quite a factor in Senior Class activities. Those responsible for its success are:

Manager, Reuben W. Hills Jr.

Play Committee—Lloyd L. Litchfield, Frank House, Orrell L. Barker, Leland Black, Miss Eagleson.

Program Committee—Lloyd Litchfield, Frank House, Geo. Henderson.

House Committee—Ellard Slack.

Box Office—Lester Rankin.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



F. House, President  
L. Chilcote, Auditor  
W. Leigh, Yell Leader

Miss E. Feldermann, Vice-President  
Max A. Plum, Treasurer  
O. Hollingberry, Secretary



### JUNIOR DANCE.

On the evening of February 24, 1911, the Class of 1912, gave their Junior Dance at the Lick Auditorium. The hall was very prettily decorated and a new idea was introduced in the use of serpentine. The committee which turned out the most successful Junior Dance ever given, consisted of Misses Boyle, Cahen, Saywell and Bettoli and Messrs. Ryan, Velesaratos, Smith.

The invitations (of which there were over two hundred issued), evidently had the desired effect, for by 8:30 the hall was crowded with merry dancers all intent on having a good time. The patronesses who favored us were Miss Otto, Miss Boulware and Miss Wilkins.

At 8:45 the dance started, with J. Ryan and Miss Saywell leading the grand march. Refreshments were plentiful and faultless music was furnished by a union orchestra. J. Ryan was floor manager of the evening, and succeeded in keeping the decorations up until the 11th dance and this was a serpentine dance. When 12 o'clock crept on, all left the hall, wishing the dance was beginning instead of ending.

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### SEMINAR.

It seems strange that out of such a large class as the present Senior class, so few take an interest in the Seminar. This lack of interest cannot wholly be ascribed to indifference on the part of the Seniors. It is due in a large way to the fact that there is an important game, meeting or rally nearly every Wednesday.

So far, three lectures have been given. The first, by W. Young, dealt with Railroad Cranes, and was both interesting and practical. The second, by Winters, on Codes and Ciphers, was enjoyed greatly by those who heard it, and it might be here stated that there were about eight in the audience that day. Meyers gave the third lecture on forestry. It is unfortunate that on that day most of the Seniors visited a plaster cast factory, and consequently missed this fine paper. There has been purchased a projecting lantern, and when this is in working order, it is expected that the Seminar will benefit by it. Illustrated lectures always draw a crowd and will do a great deal towards upbuilding the Seminar as well as improving the lectures. A great future is prophesied for the society if the Juniors, or rather next year's Seniors, will start the organization and make the plans to use the gift in memory of Eugene Speyer.

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### CAMERA CLUB.

On April 17th the Camera Club held an election for new officers. Mr. Christensen succeeded to the office of president, Mr. Hacke, vice-president, Miss Lighbody, secretary, and Mr. Hall, treasurer.

The new boys' dark room is completed and the club has moved in. The girls will have the other dark room entirely to themselves when the Senior class complete their light experiments.

A competition has been arranged with the Wilmerding School Camera Club and many of the members are busily preparing work.

In the contest which was held earlier in the year among the club members, Mr. Hall, Mr. Christensen and Mr. Hirschler were the lucky ones to carry away the prizes. An outing is being planned among the members to take place before the close of the present term, and a jolly time is expected.



# BOARD OF CONTROL



L. Litchfield

Miss E. Feldermann

R. Hills

E. Hills

Miss H. Bettoli

Miss C. Bieber

E. Burns

W. Merrill

Miss I. Maack

D. Bates



L. Chilcote

W. McNair

H. Hirschler

### LICK-WILMERDING ORCHESTRA.

The musicians of this school have organized with those of Wilmerding and formed an excellent orchestra. They are working earnestly to improve on past orchestras, and have livened up our dances and rallies to a considerable extent.

The Girls' Rally was one of the principal opportunities to exhibit their abilities, and the Commencement Rally will be another. Their outlook for the next term is good, but at the same time support is required by the whole school.

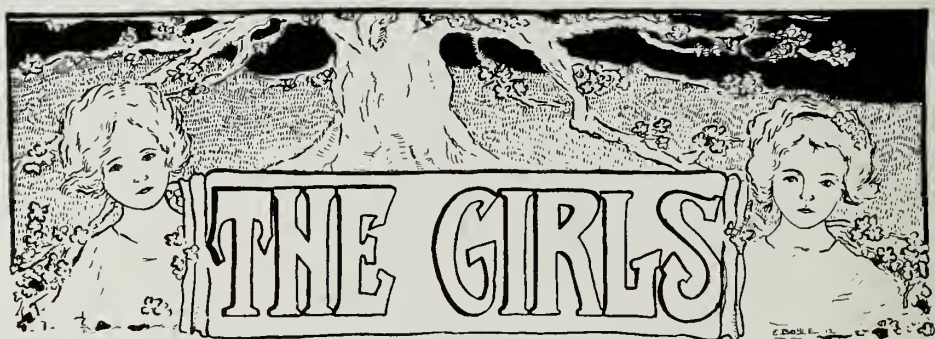
### 1912 BARN PARTY.

The Class of 1912 held an old-time barn party on Friday evening, Nov. 18, 1910, at our "Barn." The committee, Miss Gardiner, Miss Bates, Miss Buck, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Smith, worked hard, and arranged a quaint program, which was kept a surprise until the evening. The hall was decorated with posters and black and gold drapings. Hay was spread over the floor and refreshments were served from a dishpan with ladles. The entertainment consisted of a number of noted characters, such as Franklin, Carrie Nation, Priscilla, John Alden, and were ably represented by Mr. Wolfsohn, Mr. Worth and Mr. Ryan, and Miss Von der Mehden and Miss Purser. After this the dancing started with a grand march led by Miss Gardiner and Mr. Ryan, and finishing up with a Virginia reel. The music was furnished by willing members of the class, Messrs. Heilfron and Brunel. All enjoyed a pleasant evening and when 12 o'clock was at hand left the hall with happy faces.



THE ORCHESTRA.





## Mrs. Osborne's Lecture

A new vista of thought was opened to the girls one morning in March, when they listened to a lecture by Mrs. Osborne, a missionary from India. Mrs. Osborne has worked with her husband in India for many years, and she described her experiences in such a vivid manner that the girls could have listened all day. She told of her reasons for taking up the work, of her first visit to the leper colony. Everyone in the room was touched by the pathetic story of the men, suffering from leprosy, who wanted dolls "because they had nothing beautiful to look at." She told how the girls were married when only two years old to grown men and if their husbands died were deprived of every pleasure for the rest of their lives. Mrs. Osborne described the new schools for girls, where they may learn sewing and household science, and prepare themselves to teach those coming after, an effort being thus made to better the condition of the women.

Mrs. Osborne had with her samples of exquisite laces and embroideries. These were so beautiful that our girls couldn't resist the temptation to buy and many pieces were sold.

The most enjoyable part of the lecture, however, was the presence of a little Hindu girl, Mary Osborne, who has been adopted by Mrs. Osborne and helps her in all her work. She was a pretty little thing and soon made friends with all the girls. She was dressed in the native costume which was all in one piece and no less than eight yards long. Rivalry existed among the girls as to who should ask her the most questions, but she was good-natured and answered them all in remarkably good English.

The girls were so influenced by Mrs. Osborne's lecture that they readily agreed to adopt and educate a little girl in India. It costs only thirty dollars a year to support a child and this is not much when one considers its bearing on the child's after-life.

One of the teachers will probably take charge of the fund which will be contributed to by the girls, and the present classes hope that the future girls will continue it.



# THE TIGER

## ACADEMIC.

The work done by the girls in the different departments has been very creditable this year. One needs only to visit the different rooms and he will see their handiwork on all sides. To be sure, the masterpieces in the cooking-room do not last very long, but if one arrives at 11 o'clock in the morning, one will be sure to find them in the process of making. The cabinets in the sewing-room are filled with dainty garments which the girls are working on, and many of them are wearing their suits and hats. But let us go more into detail.

### SEWING.

The Freshman girls deserve praise for the way in which they have worked the entire year. From the beginning of the practice stitches to the sewing of their own garments, they have done well. As usual in this quarter, they are finishing up their white garments and are engaged on summer dresses. Some excellent work has been completed, especially that done by Misses Berg, Oliver, Daniels and Matheson.

The Sophomores are progressing well with their millinery. Most of them have finished their summer hats and are working on the making of bows, folds and rosettes. The completed hats are indeed a credit to the girls as the successful result of their earnest endeavors.

This year the Junior girls have undertaken the dressing of the doll and, with such splendid workers as our Junior girls are, we expect to see an exquisite set when it is completed. They are also finishing the infants' garments on which they have been working for some time.

Last but by no means least, come the Seniors. Four years of experience has made excellent dressmakers of them, and they are now able to make all the garments which come in the course of dressmaking. This quarter the Sewing Department has been an especially important one to all the Senior girls, and many dainty dresses made by them will be seen at Commencement.

### TEXTILE.

The girls who entered this department after Christmas have shown remarkable ability, and are completing the white garments preparatory to next year's work with Miss Crittenden. Some of these garments are hand-embroidered, the girls having done both the designing and the embroidering. Miss Thomas deserves special mention in this work.

They have also made many bags of raffia, lining them with cloth which will harmonize in color and texture with the bag. Miss Sullivan is engaged in making a raffia hat.

The other girls who are working in this department are designing and puncturing light-shades of copper, which are handsome as well as useful. Irish crochet lace has also been made for trimming of dresses.



# THE TIGER

## COOKING.

This quarter the girls have been experimenting with the "Caloric Fireless Cooker," which is especially useful for long, slow cooking, as in the case of cereals and the cheaper cuts of meats. It saves time, fuel bills and excessive heat in hot weather. The cooking of stock-soups had been omitted previously in order to cook them on the "Fireless Cooker."

A very important item in the making of a good cook has not been forgotten, and the girls are using the latter portion of the course in bread-baking. This is a difficult task for new beginners, but they are doing very well.

Another thing which is a necessary part of cooking is the preparation of food for the invalid. This is done in connection with the care of the invalid, about which the class is studying in Domestic Science.

## DRAWING.

The work of the girls in the drawing department has been fairly successful this year. During the early part of the term, the first-year girls devoted their time to making quick pencil sketches of various objects, the idea being to develop a sense of proportion and composition. The Sophomore girls also took up this work. Later on studies were made in colored chalks and some of these can be seen on the walls of the drawing room. Different kinds of designing have been done in water colors and chalks, among them being book covers, portfolios, wallpapers and table runners. The Freshmen girls have also painted Valentines and Easter cards which were almost as good as the real article. During the latter part of the term the girls sketched their summer hats in various colors and were remarkably successful with their drawings. One quarter was also devoted in both classes to mechanical drawing, this being necessary to develop accuracy and neatness.

Besides the regular classes, several of the Senior girls have taken a course in drawing, including stencil work on cloth and paper, some costume designing, study of flowers in water color, and making of place cards.

Five of the Junior girls are taking the regular senior drawing which includes



# THE TIGER

out-door sketching, pen and ink object drawing, cast drawing and designing, and they have completed some good work.

The variety of work offered in the drawing department makes it most interesting. Miss Boulware's idea is to train the girls so that they will be able to sit down and sketch accurately in the shortest possible time any desired object, giving the color scheme and correct proportions. This would be most useful in connection with the sewing and textile work, and the girls should take advantage of the splendid opportunity Miss Boulware is offering them.

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GIRLS' CLUB HOUSE

## GIRLS' PASTIME CLUB.

The Pastime Club is composed of all the girls and serves much the same purpose that the Student Body does for the boys. Social and athletic questions are discussed at the meetings, committees appointed and important matters settled. The women of the Faculty generally attend these meetings and are always glad to give the girls advice. In this way many good suggestions have come from Miss Otto and Miss Boulware, which could not have reached the girls in any other way. During the past year Miss Sophie Felderman has very ably served as president, Miss Eagleson as secretary and Miss Barieau as yell leader.

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## GIRLS' JINKS.

The annual Girls' Jinks was held April 22, 1911, in "Our Barn." As usual, the afternoon was a very enjoyable one, the girls all taking an active interest in it, making it a great success. The style of costume was not restricted, each girl adorning herself after her own imagination.

The afternoon was spent in dancing, with musical and vocal selections between dances. Even the Faculty put aside their staidness and joined the girls. When the party broke up no one could say the day was not a success in every way.

## MANAGEMENT OF GIRLS' TIGER



ANNA ERLANDSON, Editor

SOPHIE FELDERMANN, Manager

## The Girls' Tiger

For the second time in the history of Lick, the girls managed the March issue of THE TIGER. To say merely that it was a success gives an inadequate idea of its real merit. To infringe a little on an old saying, THE TIGER "came, was seen, and conquered" the whole school. There was not a dull page in it; even the prosaic shop notes were written up in such a novel manner that everyone wanted to read them. The cover design, frontispiece and cuts were both artistic and original, and the literature was of the same high order as that in the preceding issues.

Miss Sophie Feldermann, manager, and Miss Anna Erlandson, editor, deserve nothing but praise for their good work.

The boys who supported the ads., bought tickets, and rooted for the "Girls' Tiger" are also to be remembered, while the faculty, who are always ready to give suggestions, know how much we appreciate them.

The editing and managing of THE TIGER gives the girls a chance to show their ingenuity and business tact and it is safe to say that it has become an established custom of Lick.



# GIRLS' TIGER STAFF



R. Vernon	C. Bachmann	G. Herbert	E. Schmelz
H. Feldermann	E. Thomason	L. Goodman	E. Buschke
M. Kirkwood	S. Simon	V. Woodhams	
C. Boyle	L. Anderson	M. Barieau	A. Eagleson
H. Bettoli	A. Thorp	E. Huerken	I. Saywell



MISS H. PURSER

MISS H. BETTOLI

# TENNIS.



C. B. BETTOLI, JR.

The girls have never before shown such true spirit in coming out and supporting tennis as they have these last six months. Manager H. Bettoli has finally placed tennis on an equal footing with basketball, and she earnestly hopes that this same spirit will be kept up in the coming years.

The tennis try-out for the school team was played off on April 19th. Sophie Feldermann, Gladys Herbert, '11, Helen Purser and Hilda Bettoli, '12, tried out. Helen Purser defeated Sophie Feldermann after three sets were played to decide the winner, by the scores, 6-0, 0-6, 6-0. Hilda Bettoli defeated Gladys Herbert, 6-2, 6-2. In another set between Gladys Herbert and Helen Purser, Miss Purser succeeded in winning, 6-3, 6-4.

The following Wednesday was set for the interclass, and it was run off promptly. The Junior team, consisting of H. Bettoli and H. Purser, defeated the Seniors, 6-1, 6-0. The Freshmen having defaulted to the Sophomores qualified the Sophomores for the finals. The Junior team came out with another victory to their credit, 6-0, 6-0, thus winning the interclass.

The try-out for the big team having been held so late in the school term prevents the girls from playing any outside schools to see what they can do, but as both girls on the big team are returning, we have hopes of being winners next year.



CAPT. H. BETTOLI

# BASKE BALL.



C. BOULWARE  
H. GERMER

Although basketball practice has not been carried out as fully as usual this quarter, a few girls have worked steadily. No games have been played but a few are scheduled before the close of this term with Haywards and Cogswell. With the opening of the fall term we lose three of our best players, Capt. G. Herbert, Manager S. Felderman and Etta Felderman. These three players have played a steady, consistent game during their term on the big team, and all the girls will miss them when the first call for big team practice is announced. As but four will be left of the big team, the lower classes must come out to practice and develop good material for our next year's team.

Miss Boulware and Miss Ada Roos have helped the tennis and basketball girls in every way possible, and we feel sure that every Lick girl will join in extending to them the heartiest vote of thanks.

Now, girls, all get in and boost for the big teams, keep up the reputation of the past team and show that you, too, can win your block L's.

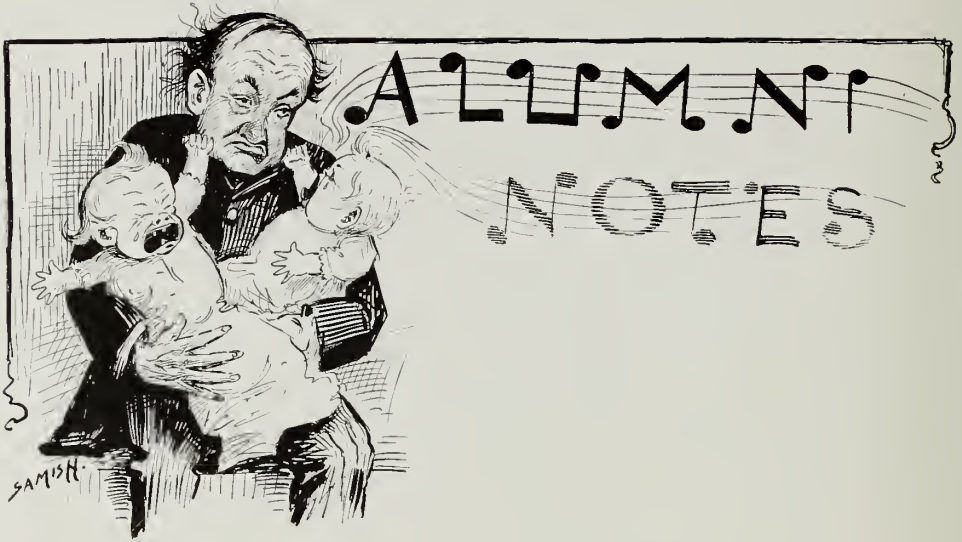


CAPT. G. HERBERT





Viola Woodhams	Sophie Feldermann	Ada Roos (Coach)	Carmelita Bachmann	Myrtle Mitchell
Madeline Barreau	Gladys Herbert (Capt.)	Henrietta Feldermann	Flora Mathis	



#### CLASS OF 1897.

**Herbert Fields** has been in Mexico for the past seven years. He is superintendent of the San Vicente Mine at San Dimas and is at present installing a cyanide plant.

**Arthur Drucker** graduated from the College of Mining at U. C. in 1902 and is now Metallurgical Engineer of the Oriental Consolidated Mining Company at Korea.

**Adolph Judell** has been working in Civil and Mining Engineering and was for some time mining engineer in Alaska and Nevada. He is now with the City Engineer of San Francisco.

#### CLASS OF 1898.

**Louis Samish** has recently moved his art store down town and is located at 220 Stockton street, opposite Union Square. Mr. Samish makes a specialty of very fine hand-painted china and is always glad to see old friends from the Alumni as well as new ones. He has been very generous to the Alumni by donating some of his work as prizes at the different functions, and the Alumni should reciprocate this good will by patronizing him.

**R. Z. Dickie** is in partnership with his brother, and reports a great amount of business on hand. They are naval engineers and designers, and have offices at 112 Market street.

**Frank Adams** is at the present time engaged in farming in Klamath, Ore.

**Benjamin Brooks** is employed by the J. G. White Company at Redondo.

**Carl Stoll** is connected with the J. G. White Company in this city. He attended the Aviation Card Party and won the prize at whist.



#### CLASS OF 1899.

**Mrs. Henry Kaeding** (nee Mary Hubbard) has been in the city for a few days. She, with her three little girls, is keeping house for her father in Santa Clara while her husband is in Nicaragua. Mr. Kaeding and his brother Charles Kaeding, '00, went with the Callahan party, and Mr. Henry Kaeding has been made general manager of the Seimpre Vera Mining Company. He is expected home for a short visit.

**Mrs. Cyril Patterson** (nee Ada Burns) is now living in Golden Gate with her husband and little son. Mr. Patterson is now employed as an auditor for the S. P. Co. in Oakland.

**Chester Beach** has opened an art studio at No. 4 McDougal avenue, New York. We hear reports to the effect that he has been married.

**Wm. Copeland** is working for the Guggenheims and has just returned from Russia, where he has been for a year. He is now going to Fairbanks, Alaska.

**Lina Diehl** took an active part as official scorer at the Alumni Aviation party.

**James Hooper** is engaged in the structural iron business.

**Alfred Jacobs** has recently returned from Europe and is now in the architectural business in San Francisco. He makes a specialty of fine residences and it might be well for Alumni members to keep him in mind when contemplating building.

**Alfred Clark** is running a building and architectural business in Fresno. He is also a member of the Fresno baseball team.

**Arthur Markwart** recently sent in a very substantial donation to the Scholarship Fund. The Alumni appreciates this gift to the utmost and believes that Mr. Markwart has established a fine precedent for this good work.

#### CLASS OF 1900.

**Walter Forward** is chief draftsman at the Byron Pump Works.

**Chas. Backe** is employed as an engineer for the Nevada Northern Railway at Ely, Nevada.

**Fred Lurman** is in the contracting and building business for himself and is making a big success. He recently constructed a set of flats for a former Lick teacher's mother.

**Sigmund Blowski** is engaged in chemistry.

**Lawrence Dufoe** is editing a paper in Modesto.

**James Walsh** has sole charge of the office of Howard C. Holmes, consulting engineers. Mr. Holmes is making an extended visit to Vienna.

#### CLASS OF 1901.

**Chas. Barieau** has been working for the Pacific Foundry Co. for several years. He won the gentleman's prize donated by Louis Samish at the Christmas reunion.

**Henry Prien** is connected with the Anglo and London-Paris National Bank.



**Mrs. Percy Montgomery** (nee Lurline Lyons) is with the Olga Nether-sole Company at the Savoy Theater, and has taken her maiden name for the stage, by which she was identified. All trace had been lost of "Miss Lyons" and it is with considerable surprise that we see her in this cast. We wish her every success.

**Gertrude Campbell** is married to Mr. Harry Gasner, of Harron, Ricard & McCone.

**Geo. Drummond** is traveling chemist for the Great Western Sugar Co., Fort Collins, Colo.

**Arthur Thelin** is also connected with the Great Western Sugar Co., and is assistant master mechanic of that firm.

**Wm. Potts** is still teaching school at Redding.

#### CLASS OF 1902.

**May Heilman.**—Reports are being circulated that she has recently taken a husband or is about to.

**Mrs. Holcomb** (nee Elsie Kelly) is now the mother of three fine boys whom we hope may some day be Lick students.

**Wm. Fleck** is one of the engineers for the S. P. Co. on lines out of Salinas and San Francisco.

#### CLASS OF 1903.

**Hugh Marshall** is working for the Western Meat Co. in South San Francisco.

**Benjamin Wigney** is now connected with the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. in Mr. F. H. Varney's department. He is located at Station "C" on Jessie street.

**Bartlett Mell** is teaching electrical engineering at Heald's Business College on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

#### CLASS OF 1904.

**Otis Gibson** is now working for the Sierra Pacific Power Co. near Georgetown.

**Yvonne Greer**, an officer of the Alumni this year, is substituting in the Domestic Science Department in the Alameda schools.

#### CLASS OF 1905.

**Roy Dodson** held the record for the half mile until April 1st of this year, when it was tied.

**Benjamin Hirschfeld** is engaged in the architectural business for Blake-well & Brown.

**Earl Markwart** and his wife have been in Canada for some months. Mrs. Markwart has recently returned and Earl will follow shortly, as soon as he can complete his work up there.

**Herbert Erskine** is said to be the youngest lawyer in California. He is in business for himself and is doing well.

#### CLASS OF 1906.

**Chas. Rust** has been in the city for a visit during the vacation of the Pomona school, where he is making a great success in teaching pattern making. He says he enjoys it very much but gets a little homesick. We wonder why?





**Jerome Barieau**—Jerome won his "Big C" at college this season by starring on the baseball team. Two other Lickites were equally honored.

**Warren Boyd** has leased one of the paper routes on the "Call" and is kept busy distributing and collecting.

**Thomas A. Currie** has charge of track work for the Santa Fe in Nevada. **Wm. Marcus** has taken up the banking business.

**Chas. Mel** is manager of a branch of the John Rothschild Co. in Portland.

**Frank Murray** has recently returned to San Francisco after several months in Sacramento, where he had the agency for the Corbin automobile. He is again working for the Howard Automobile Co., where he had previously been for some years. He says he was never so glad to get back anywhere in his life as he was to get back to San Francisco. That sounds as if there might be a good reason. What do you think?

**Bertha Williams** has just recovered from a severe attack of appendicitis, but we are glad to hear that she is entirely well again.

**Harriet Park.**—The following is a clipping from one of the city papers: "For the first time in the history of Stanford University, the right of wearing the block 'S,' usually bestowed only for athletic superiority, has been given to a woman student. Miss Harriet Park, '11, who is secretary of the Senior Class, a member of Cap and Gown, the women's honor society, and an assistant in the art department, has been given the privilege of wearing the coveted letter on a fob that she herself has designed. This unique distinction comes to Miss Park as the reward for having presented the most acceptable design for a block 'S' to be given to successful athletes by the Student Body. These fobs are intended for those athletes who have won one varsity sweater and do not wish another when they make a second varsity team. The fob which Miss Park will wear bears the following inscription: 'Presented to Harriet Park, designer of this medal, by the Associated Students of Stanford, 1910.'" Harriet Park is well known and she made a name for herself at Lick by her natural talent in drawing. She will graduate from Stanford this term and we hope to hear of her greater success in the future.

#### CLASS OF 1907.

**Ada Roos** has given up college and is now taking a post graduate course at Wilmerding.

**Geo. Acton** was last seen playing baseball on the "Juvenile" team.

**Jack Doughty** is employed in Portland by the John G. Sutton Co. of this city as estimate man.

**L. J. Nickels**—For the last year he has been teaching agriculture or the handling of bees at the University of California, and has been assisting in other courses. He is also an entomologist for the City of Berkeley, his special detail being the study of the Argentine ant. He is to be appointed Inspector of Horticulture, this summer, for Sutter County. Next year he is to teach two courses in entomology at the University and he is to travel about the State looking after bees. It is also reported that he is soon to become a benedict.

**Harold I. Wood** severed his connections with the Southern Pacific Company last June and is now with Tibbetts & Haviland, engineers of Oakland. He is engaged in engineering work on a concrete railroad bridge near Rippon, Cal. Next October, Harold will celebrate his first wedding



anniversary. His bride was Miss Ethel N. Bloss of Oakland. We wish him happiness.

**"Billy" Gay** and **Frank Ruebke**, '09. With all of the other members of the successful Varsity ball team, these three men were presented with gold baseballs by the Associated Students as an appreciation for their splendid work.

**Lester C. Uren** graduated from the College of Mining this May. Lester has just completed a book of some note, entitled "Mine Maps and Models." He is now holding a responsible position with the Eagle-Shawmut Mining Company at Shawmut, Tuolumne County. Since he arrived at Shawmut an extra mail pouch has been necessary at that postoffice. That pouch does special duty between Shawmut and Berkeley. Draw your own conclusions from the fact that the pouch smells very strong of the essence of heliotrope.

#### CLASS OF 1908.

**Elizabeth Bridge** is attending Columbia College in New York.

**Genevieve Sullivan** is taking a post graduate course at Lick and has enrolled in the new course recently installed. This course includes sewing, textile work, crocheting, brass hammering, etc.

**Hazel Henderson** is now Mrs. Harry W. Johnson, and the happy event took place in their new flat on Capp street, with only the members of the families present. The lucky man is to be highly congratulated. Mrs. Johnson will remain at her post as Recorder at the school until the end of the term.

**Robt. Furlong** is a jeweler and optician in San Rafael.

#### CLASS OF 1909.

**Earle Seiverson** is working for the Horst Co. in Oregon.

**Warren Gallagher** is an employee of the Nevada-Pacific Railroad at Sausalito.

**Jack Phillips**—His present residence is the town of Corona, near Los Angeles, where he is working with his brother in the rock crushing business.

**Lawton** succeeded in making the position of alternate on the Carnot Debating Team which debated with Stanford recently.

**Nachtrieb** and **Hornick**, '10, are shining in an instrumental trio with a fraternity brother. Hornick's voice is also heard in the renowned California Glee Club.

**Williard Beatty** rose into sudden prominence last spring by allying with the W. C. T. U. in an endeavor to reform the morals of his classmates at college by putting a stop to the so-called Sophomore Bust. It is to his credit that he was successful, but some of the Sophomores vented their rage on him with the aid of the far famed "Chem. Pond."

**Victor Lenzen**, finding the college of Civil Engineering far too practical for him, decided to change his college and is now engaged in the study of Pure Philosophy and all that goes with it, with an idea of later becoming a teacher in this subject. No course is too theoretical or abstruse for him now. He delights in just those things.

**Chas. Boxton** is working for his father in the contracting business.

**Robt. Gardner** is running a farm near Isleton.

**Sidney Holman** is working for Middleton Bros. He was the football coach last season and devoted much time to the training of the team, for which he took no compensation whatever. His work is to be commended



especially. As a reward for his untiring efforts, Lick won the A. A. L. last year.

**John Little.**—Reports say that he is now in the lumber business in Nevada.

#### CLASS OF 1910.

**Ruby Mitchell** is assisting Mrs. Johnson (nee Hazel Henderson) out at Lick.

**Horace Sexton** is running a garage in Santa Barbara.

**Fred Westphal** and **Allen Rankin** are going to China on the Transport "Sheridan," according to reports.

**John Corker** is with **Otis Gibson**, '04, and **Cliff Curry**, '06, working for the Sierra Pacific Power Co. near Georgetown.

**Agnes Fraser** is taking a post graduate at Lick. She took a leading part in the play entitled, "A Night Off," which was presented by the Senior Class.

**Irma Anderson** was last seen at Third and Market streets by a member of the Alumni.

**Marguerite Boyd** is attending Stanford University and is captain of the girls' basketball team. She has also been initiated into the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority.

**Alexander Bell** is drafting in Oakland.

**Genevieve Gillette** is contemplating attending college next year.

**Clyde Pitchford** is registered with the College of Commerce and is very diligent. His recreation is singing with the U. C. Glee Club, where his splendid voice shows to good advantage.

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#### ENGAGEMENTS.

Miss Marion Murray, '06, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Edward R. Bulpitt, '05.

Miss Elva Woodman, '07, announced her engagement last July to Mr. Clyde A. Swigart, who recently graduated from Stanford. Mr. Swigart is now working as civil engineer for the Standard Oil Company. The wedding date has not been set, but we hope to hear of this event before 1911 draws to an end.

Miss Bertha Knell, '09, has announced her engagement recently to Mr. Lawrence More, ex-'11, of Santa Barbara. Miss Knell is at the present time visiting the More family in Santa Barbara and will make quite an extended visit there.

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#### MARRIAGES.

Miss Adelaide Wiener, '99, and Samuel P. Russell, '01, were married last August and are living in a cozy little flat in the Sunset District. Mr. Russell is connected with the H. W. Johns-Manville Co. of this city, where he acts in the capacity of assistant manager. Mr. and Mrs. Russell are well known Alumni members and they have the best wishes of all for a happy future.

Mr. Louis Gilbert, '04, eloped several months ago with Miss Sayles of Alameda and was married. No definite news of any kind has come to the Alumni, however, so we will just extend our congratulations.

Mr. Fred Twing, '05, was married last fall to Miss Helen Watson, and they are now making their home in this city.

Mr. Earl Markwart, '05, was married to Miss Florence Woodall last



summer. They have been living in Canada but will soon make their residence here.

Mr. Chas. A. O'Connor, '05, was recently married to Miss Margaret Teeling of this city.

Miss Adele Winchell, '05, and Mr. Lawrence B. Morton were married early in 1910 and are now living at the St. Claire Apartments. Mr. Morton attended Lick for three and one-half years but left just before graduation to take a position. He is now one of the proprietors of a large commercial photographic house in this city, "The Photo Craft Shop."

Miss Cora Klinkner, '07, and Mr. Louis M. De Rome were married in September, 1910, and are now residing in Oakland.

Miss Louise Knell, '07, and Mr. Harry M. Eastman, a student at Lick for a short time, were married last summer and have recently gone to house-keeping in the Sunset District.

Miss Marie Winchell, '07, was married in Los Angeles on March 17, 1911, to Mr. Ralph S. Stout. They are living in Arcadia, a suburb of Los Angeles, where Mr. Stout is editor of a newspaper.

Miss Hazel Henderson was married to Mr. Harry W. Johnson in April, 1911, and they have gone to housekeeping on Capp street.

Mr. Sidney Holman, '09, married Miss Elmira Hunt the latter part of last year. Mrs. Holman attended Lick for a year or so.

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### BIRTHS.

Mrs. Cyril Patterson (nee Ada Burns, '99) is the proud mother of a boy, born last August.

Mrs. W. B. Robbins (nee Alma Van Iderstine, '01) has a very small son, he having come into this world on April 18, 1911.

Mrs. Roland White (nee Mamie Jawken, '04) holds the record for Alumni babies as far as we know. She presented her husband with twin boys on December 13, 1910.

Mrs. W. J. Erskine (nee Nellie Erskine, '04) also has a small son, who dates his age from March 24, 1911.

Mrs. Lawrence B. Morton (nee Adele Winchell, '05) is the very proud mother of a bright-eyed baby girl who joined the family on December 13, 1910.

Mrs. Adrian Metzgard (nee Carrie Graff, '06) has a small son a few months old.

Mrs. W. H. Davenport (nee Mary Raber, '08) is the mother of a fine little girl who greeted her parents about Christmas time.

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### ALUMNI EVENTS.

#### Hallowe'en Party.

On November 5th the Alumni gave a fancy dress Hallowe'en party in the new building at school, which afforded much merriment. This was the





first affair of the season and was largely attended by members of the Alumni, Lick school students and others.

The room reminded one of an old-fashioned barn party, hay being scattered around in profusion and apples and pumpkins used for decorations. Many games appropriate for a Hallowe'en party were played, and dancing was indulged in until midnight.

#### **Christmas Dance.**

The annual Christmas reunion was held at Century Hall on December 9th, 1910. Dancing was the principal attraction and many couples participated in this until a late hour. Mr. Eugene Curry, president of the Alumni, acted as floor manager.

A room was arranged for card playing for those who did not care for dancing, and this was filled all evening. The winners of whist and five hundred were presented with handsome prizes, donated by Mr. Louis Samish. Refreshments were served for all late in the evening.

This affair brought out a record-breaking crowd in spite of the stormy weather. The scheme of having both dancing and card playing so that all could enjoy themselves, proved a tremendous success.

#### **Theater Party.**

A theater party was given by the Alumni January 4, 1911, at the Alcazar Theater. The play was "Salomy Jane," and was enjoyed by a large number of members and friends.

This was the second theater party given by the Alumni, and it is to be an annual event, the proceeds from which are to go toward the "Scholarship Fund." A small sum was realized on this party.

#### **Aviation Card Party.**

On February 4, 1911, a card party was held in the drawing room of the school. About thirty tables were made up for players of whist and five hundred, and the winners were rewarded with handsome hand-painted prizes. Ice cream cornucopias were plentiful and the evening was unusually enjoyable for those present.

#### **Theater Party.**

By the time we go to press the Alumni will have given another theater party, this to be held at the Oakland Orpheum. At the present writing tickets are selling very well and it is hoped that a large number will be disposed of, so that a goodly sum will be realized for the "Scholarship Fund."

#### **Annual Meeting.**

The annual meeting for the election of officers will be held some time during commencement week, but the date had not been decided upon at the time of this writing.



Another year has rolled past and we are once again at the point where we look back and see what we have accomplished; and once again it is with satisfaction that we can view our result and know that the standard of former years has been raised another notch; that we have taken one more step up the ladder of success.

The year has been a particularly successful one in the shops, and the increased interest in their work, which has taken possession of the students, has made its influence felt in the results attained. The heads of the various shops have been fortunate in obtaining outside work, and this practical aid of shop work has appealed to the boys immensely.

#### FORGE SHOP.

Amid the clatter of hammer and tongs and the choking smoke, the forge shop is rushing the quarter to completion. The classes are a hard-working crowd and the result is neat, clean work. They have left the preliminary exercises far in their wake and are now at the hardest work that comes during the year—the welding of tongs.



The shop has had only a few outside jobs this term, but work is now beginning to put in an appearance in abundance. There was a job for the new Wilmerding building which was finished in snappy style, and also sundry articles for some outsiders. Outside people always patronize Lick after one good trial, and Mr. Mathis is just the one to satisfy their wants, in his management of the shop.

# THE TIGER

Maynard and Birch work side by side and do much of their work in co-operation. Birch has finished one pair of andirons and also a few picks, drills and chisels. Maynard has made parts of the electric hoist and has done many odd jobs for outside people.

## MACHINE SHOP.

The machine shop is well up to the standard this year, the principal products of the shop being steam hoists, two of which were turned out this year. These 4 by 6 inch hoists are always in demand, and can be disposed of as quickly as they are built as their adaptability for small mines has been proven many times.



The Senior apprentices Costa, Garcia, Roberts and Storey, are each equally responsible for completion of the hoists, with the aid of Mr. Sunkel.

Storey is now working on a model globe, the counterpart of which is to be 40 feet in diameter and is to be exhibited at the Fair in 1915.

Costa, Roberts and Garcia are working faithfully on the remaining hoists and finishing the more exact parts. They have set a fine example to the Junior apprentices, who, with the Course XI and XII fellows, have been turning up small studs and bolts for the hoist.

## Mechanical Drawing Department.

Seven Senior apprentices have been working under Mr. Heyman and are now putting on the finishing touches to a very profitable apprenticeship. When these students graduate, they carry with them many a thought of gratitude for the earnest endeavors which Mr. Heyman has devoted to them, and the creditable work accomplished is an appreciation in itself.

W. Young has finished the year by completing his plans for a pipe-cutter with lever attachment. In these plans are worked in some of Mr. Heyman's ideas. William A. Moore has completed an interesting piece of work in the plans for a globe, made for the Board of Education. Moore and Young finished some time back, one of the big jobs of the year when they draughted the plans for the railroad crane. Lester Dierssen has been doing a great deal of outside work, having been employed by the J. A. Gray Draughting Co. His time in school was spent in working on drawing of turbine vane dies.



# THE TIGER

The details for a pipe-cutter were drawn up by Fred. Small, but his best piece of work was in conjunction with H. P. Hauser, when the two drew up the plans for a 100-ton rock crusher, which is now working on the peninsula. Hauser did some individual work on the heating system for the Wilmerding school.

N. B. Drew finished up a good piece of work when he completed his valve and indicator diagram for a steam hoist. He and Vieth have been working since then on the  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -ton crane for the foundry. Besides his work with Drew, Fred Vieth did a bunch of odd jobs, for Fred seems to be the handy-man. He worked a good deal on a 10 h. p. 220-volt direct current motor.

The design for a Prony brake was draughted by Lloyd Litchfield, and it shows hard endeavor, for the work is excellent. In addition to this Litchfield compiled a launch constructing chart.

There are nine Juniors who have taken the course in Mechanical Drawing and every one has done excellent work. Much of the work has been on the standard sheets, and while this does not include much machine drawing, still the careful work bodes well for a successful year next term. Wentz showed a lot of ambition, for he finished much of his second-year work and is well up in his Junior work. He completed plans for a steam trap and has been working on a pen stock and pressure pipe. A globe-valve throttle was draughted by Pyper and another steam trap, floating valve, drawn by Ray Whitmore. Whitmore's big job was a 25,000-gallon water tank, completed some time ago.

Chapman and Neuhaus were working on standard sheets, as was Stuhr, the latter having finished all his gears. An excellent piece of work was done by L. Shaw in his water softener. He also drew up plans for an automatic cut-off valve. Maunder finished his steam trap—steam traps seeming to prevail among the Juniors. He also worked for some time on the printing.



The Sophomore classes turned out good work this year, and next year's classes will have to work hard to keep up the standard. The screw plates finished the year's work for the second-year boys.

The Freshmen in particular, have exhibited a commendable amount of energy, for quite a few have finished their first-year work and are well started on the sophomore plates. Mr. Heyman is very well pleased with the results obtained from his Freshmen.



# THE TIGER

## FOUNDRY.

In the foundry the amount of work that has been done is stupendous for such small classes. Already Mr. Lacoste has items in his log book like this: "Turbine, one electric hoist—peach of a job, one steam hoist—ditto, two small gas engines—couldn't be done better, and drums for road roller—some fine job." This work, with that which is to be finished by the classes, will make quite a collection of castings by vacation.



When school closes, June 2, 1911, there will still be one of the departments kept open. This will be the foundry. It will be the climax of the season's work that will take place on the evening of Monday, June 5, 1911, in the form of an exhibition by Mr. Bernard Lacoste. This exhibition will be the pouring of different molds—big, little and otherwise. An exhibit like this has not been given for many years and a revival of old times will be enjoyed by all who see it. The last one given was a splendid affair and the crowds that witnessed it were surprised by the skill shown. The climax of the evening was the pouring of a colossal C. S. M. A. Mr. Lacoste promises some surprises again.

## PATTERN SHOP.

With the closing of the last quarter comes the completion of an excellent year's work in the pattern shop. This year has seen more patterns leave the shop than any previous year. Perhaps it is the joint spirit of all the shop teachers that has made the year such a success. In that there is no doubt.

The Freshmen this year have gone into pattern-making with the right idea and have made a glorious success. Now they are on the different parts of the steam turbine and on the cylinders of a gas engine. Each and every one has his little job and also his little way of doing it. Still there is one big job coming, and when it comes many will be the aching backs and hands, for Mr. McLeran has sworn that the benches must be scraped. The job will consist of tearing off the boards that form the tops, scraping and planing them, taking out the numerous nicks and nails, and putting the boards back in their proper places.

There are no Juniors in this department, but the Seniors fully make up

# THE TIGER

for the loss. Nash is busy at that immortal electric hoist, having fixed the sides, standards and bed. He has also done good work on a turbine. Woods has completed the base of the electric hoist and is now repairing a hardwood pattern that "Old Sol" played with during its stay by the window. Meyn



seems to be one of Mr. Plumb's many right-hand men, for he is now making a pedestal for the science room and has already completed many other similar pieces of art (?). We hope Mr. McLeran will always have as great a success as he has had this year.

## CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

This department is one of the most interesting in the school, and the high grade of work done in the laboratory has always earned for Mr. Tibbitts the reputation of being an energetic and conscientious teacher. This year has been no exception to the rule that he can get the best that the students can give, for the work in analysis has been exceptionally good. Leigh, Alves, Schumacher and Allworth, the four Senior apprentices, have finished their work on iron and steel and are now engaged in the analysis of many staple foods, such as butter, milk, soaps, spices, condensed milk, etc. The work is very accurate and these four students have accomplished some fine results. They intend to give an exhibit on Exhibition Day, and it will be deserving of the students' unfailing support.

The lone representative of the Juniors, Howeisner, has left school to work with the Stauffer Chemical works, and so there will be no Senior apprentice next year, and Mr. Tibbetts will be obliged to devote all his energies to the coming Juniors. It is rather peculiar that with such advantages in the way of instruction, so few students take up the course in chemistry, and it is to be hoped that next year will see a larger number of Junior apprentices.

There have been some radical changes in the course of study followed in the general classes. Mr. Tibbetts has divided the subjects into two divisions, one for girls and one for boys. The girls have taken up the study of organic chemistry as applied to the household, and the boys have continued the study of technical chemistry. This idea is certainly a sensible one, and the scheme will be perfected next year so that the girls will derive real practical benefit from the course.

# ATHLETICS





## Athletics

During the school year which now draws to a close, Lick has returned victorious in many contests and in many branches of athletics.

The most important of all our victories was the winning of the championship of the Academic Athletic League by the football team, after a struggle which will long be remembered. Besides establishing our right to the A. A. L. Championship Trophy, they won the Hastings Cup from Polytechnic High by a score of 47-0.

The track team was the best which has been turned out for many seasons. Starting last fall by the winning of the San Francisco Sub-League and the Hearst Trophy, the "speed boys" romped home in front of all in the A. A. L. Not satisfied with this, they also won the Boosters' Promotion Association Cup for defeating Lowell and Berkeley in a relay race at Larkspur on Boosters' Day.

When spring came, again the cups began to find their way to Lick. This time they opened hostilities by winning the indoor relay championship and incidentally the very handsome trophy offered by the Olympic Club. The San Francisco Sub-League was again easy for Lick, and so we succeeded in winning the Hearst Trophy twice in one year.

The baseball team had the pleasure of defeating our dearest enemy, Lowell; and also of beating St. Ignatius, the winner of the five-team division. If luck had broken even Lick would now be fighting for the baseball championship.

The swimming and basketball teams were not as successful as the others; while the tennis team, having lost their best man, Dick Smith, through injury, have not entered in any tournaments.

The season of 1910-11, taken as a whole, has been extremely successful.

### COACH HOLMAN.

That Lick won the championship may be traced back to one reason. That reason is "Sid" Holman, our coach. THE TIGER never grows tired of praising him for what he has done, and so it once again sings his praises, perhaps for the last time as a Lick coach, for if Rugby is adopted Sid will pass with the old game. Therefore we should make him feel the regard with which we esteem him. No graduate has ever done as much for us—perhaps never will—as this captain, hero of the Lick-Alameda game in 1908. After we leave—when we are at work—then we will realize that which he has done for us. Would we give up our time and our business in the service of the school after we have received our diploma, without demanding a salary for it? We will all answer that question soon by our own personal actions. How many of us will return to coach a football, or any athletic team, for two seasons? Yet that is what Sid has done. His planning, devising of trick plays, and coaching the team until they could execute them perfectly won the championship of the Academic Athletic League for Lick.

The Student Body presented Sid with a beautiful cut-glass punch set, and the football team personally gave him a wine set, to show our appreciation.

But this, Sid, is nothing compared to the gratitude which THE TIGER, the team, and entire Student Body have in their hearts for you; nothing compared to the luck and success we wish to be yours—and "yours," Sid, you know, is plural.





CUP CASE IN 1909



CUP CASE IN 1911



Champions! The Lick football machine, perfected by Sid Homan, won the championship. There were drawbacks and troubles, but in the end the team deserving of it was given the championship. Of that dark side, little will be said—only THE TIGER and, we are sure, the entire student body wishes to congratulate Hitchcock on her sportsmanship during the entire dispute. We also wish to

extend our heartfelt thanks to Mr. Sidney A. Tibbets, President House, Ruben Hill and Lloyd Litchfield, for the work they have done in behalf of the school during the football controversy, as we also do to the men who constitute the board of directors of the Academic Athletic League for placing the football trophy where it belongs.

The team, which won the championship, was one of the most perfect football machines ever turned out. On Thanksgiving Day last year the eyes of the critics were opened. The next day the papers came forth with articles praising to the skies the team-work and tricks of the Lick team. We had won from Hitchcock by a score of 13-0. Before the game we were not given a chance—were far under-rated. Had the team reached its perfection sooner, we might have—but what's the use? Up to the last game our defense was our strongest point, but here we opened up and showed an offense which was impossible to stop. The interference was well-nigh perfect, the tricks and shifts left Hitchcock standing with open mouths and amazed eyes. The team was far stronger taken collectively than individually, each man only a cog in a great machine, whose builder, Sid Homan, stood impatiently on the sidelines while all did their part well.

In "Merv" Cowen and "Spud" Barker we had two good ends, who broke up nearly every end run that was attempted. Both men were sure catchers of a forward pass and excellent tacklers. "Queener" Laughlin played in part of most of the games and his wonderful defense gives promise that this Freshman will develop into a first-magnitude star. Frank



CAPTAIN PAUL WETMORE

House, in his one opportunity at end, did all that could be expected of a new player.



Top Row—L. Litchfield, G. Henderson, O. Barker, A. Wetmore, J. Neuhaus, F. House, H. Wood, O. Hollingberry, S. Holman (Coach).

Middle Row—G. Laughlin, H. Stubb, F. Taggart, L. Rankin, B. Nash, T. Clark, M. Cowen.

Front Row—W. Young, E. Rust, P. Wetmore (Captain), H. Wynne, V. Chapman.



# THE TIGER

The tackles who played in the league games were "Kitty" Stuhr, "Doggy" Clark, "Frenchy" Henderson and "Si" Hollingberry. This quartet of men who bore the brunt of the heavy work were always in the game. They were fine offensive as well as defensive players.

"Booze" Nash stopped the bucks at left guard while "Freddie" Taggart did likewise on the other side of the line. Each of these fellows played great ball, as did "Skinny" Woods, who "subbed" in their places. "Booze" was especially good at breaking through and blocking kicks. He was picked for the All-Academic football team.

At center, "Fat" Rankin was the best man in the league. His passing and all around playing won him a place beside Nash on the All-Academic team.

Quarterback was well taken care of by "Bo" Wetmore. Al. also did some splendid punting during the season.

"Speed" Khart, "Rusty" Rust, Vale Chapman, "Johnny" Neuhaus, "Windy" Westphal and "Artie" Wynne were the men who were entrusted with the duty of advancing the ball. Besides doing this they put up a defense which stopped the attacks of their opponents. "Speed" deserves special mention for the class of ball he played. "Artie" was named as captain and halfback of the All-Academic football team, because of his ability to direct the movement of the team on the field.

The loss of Captain Paul Wetmore, who broke his wrist while cranking an automobile, was a serious blow to the team, one from which it never recovered. "Hunk's" weight at left tackle raised the average of the team five pounds, the loss of which we could ill afford. Not alone was he a valuable tackler, but he was expected to do the punting. The accident to Paul crippled the team and left a hole which could not be filled. During the whole league season, Paul had to watch his team from the sidelines, and just what it meant to him can only be appreciated by those who have been in a similar position. Regardless of this, much of the credit of turning out a championship team falls to Captain Paul Wetmore.



WINNING INTER-CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM



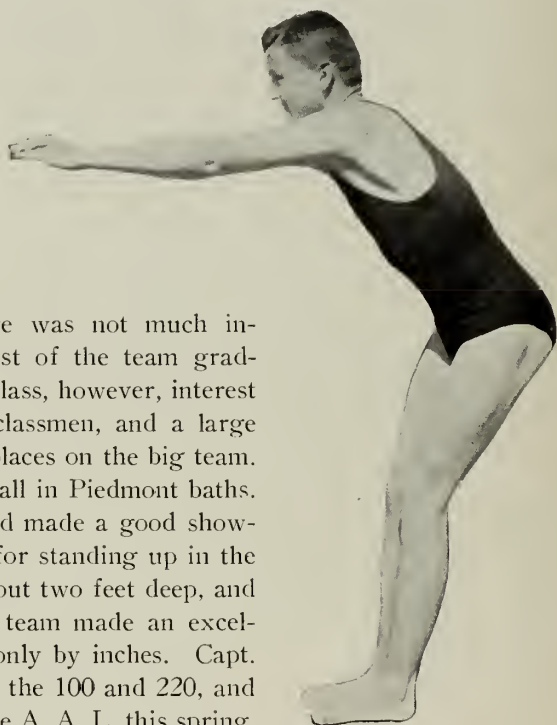
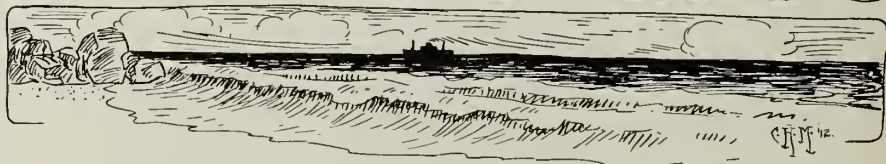


G. Wills                      L. Jongeneel (Manager)                      C. Cormack

### TENNIS.

The tennis team has not played any games so far, but have a match scheduled with Berkeley High and will enter the A. A. L. on May 20. The team received a severe blow when Dick Smith, track captain and crack tennis player, was injured. The team now consists of "Louie" Jongeneel, manager, and Cormack and Wills. Wills will play the singles and, with Cormack, will play the doubles.

# SWIMMING



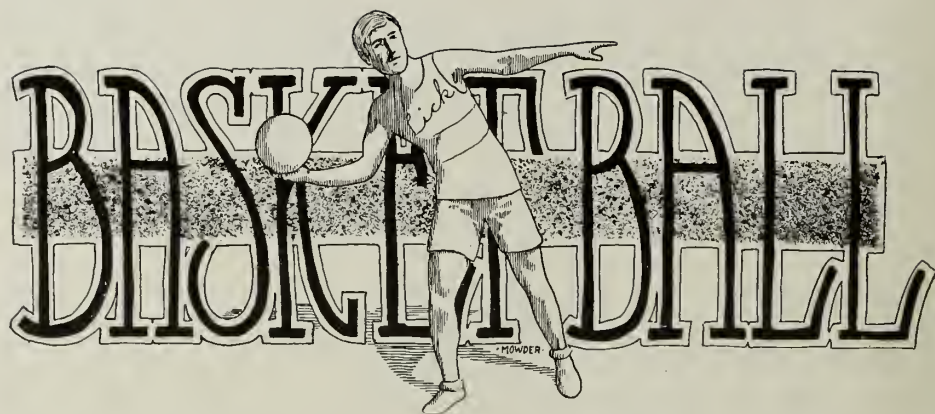
During the early fall there was not much interest in swimming because most of the team graduated in June. Before the interclass, however, interest was aroused among the under-classmen, and a large bunch turned out and tried for places on the big team.

The B. C. L. was held last fall in Piedmont baths. Our team was in good shape and made a good showing, but Snook was disqualified for standing up in the quarter, where the water was about two feet deep, and this hurt our score. The relay team made an excellent showing, being beaten out only by inches. Capt. Halbert swam two good races in the 100 and 220, and made four points. Just before the A. A. L. this spring, Rathbone, our fastest relay man, had blood poisoning, and another man was not able to swim, so the relay team only got fourth place. Capt. Halbert took second in the 220 and Worth took third in the half.

CAPT. FRANK HALBERT



L. Litchfield	F. Halbert (Capt.)
H. Trevor	F. Worth
H. Maunder	W. Snook (Mgr.)
	R. Rathbone



On account of the late rains, our team was unable to practice on the outdoor court and was not able to procure an indoor one. As a result, the team had no practice except in the games. In spite of this handicap the team fought out the whole league and gave everyone except Cogswell a hard game.

Captain Harold Wood, center, was the mainstay of the team. On account of his height he was valuable in the toss-up, and was a hard man to guard. His goal shooting was especially fine in the Cogswell game, where he shot 21 fouls.

Edgar Rust, forward, was a hard, fighting player; his only fault was trying to play too much of the game alone.

Bert Woods, forward, was a fine shot and hard to guard, but did not play up to his standard this year.

Frank House, forward, did not play as well in the league games as he did in the practice games. This was his first and last year on the team.

Booth Nash, guard, a close-sticking player, whom the opposing forward found hard to lose. This was his first year on the team.

John Neuhaus, guard. His only fault was his willingness to "mix" it, a fault which should be remedied by next year.

"Artie" Wynne, forward and guard, was valuable on account of his fight and luck. He played a great game against Sacred Heart.

"Si" Hollingbery showed lots of fight in the one game he played.





Top Row—B. Nash, J. Neuhaus, F. House.  
Middle Row—H. Wynne, L. Rankin (Manager), E. Rust.  
Front Row—B. Woods, H. Wood (Captain), O. Hollingberry



The baseball sub-league was divided, on account of the number of teams entered, into two divisions of four and five teams. Although Lick did not win the five-team division, of which it was a member, we had the honor of defeating St. Ignatius, the winner, by the score of 3 to 2; and our old rivals, Lowell.

Of all the games that the team played, the St. Ignatius game was the only one in which baseball luck broke nearly even for us. When the team got into a hole, either the superb pitching of Nash or the excellent and steady fielding of the team would pull them out. The game was the most exciting of those which we played; the players and the spectators being kept on edge from start to finish.

The team won by knocking Fotrell out of the box, which, combined with an error by Brown, gave us two runs in the first two innings. The winning run was made off Hickey, who replaced Fotrell, and who pitched fine ball. Bonshu doubled and scored on Black's single to right.

Nash's pitching deserved a shutout, as he allowed but five scattered singles; St. Ignatius' two runs being due to errors. Still, at other times, it was only the fielding that stopped a score.

The results of the league games were:

Cogswell,	8	Lick, 5
Polytechnic,	9	Lick, 7
Mission,	6	Lick, 2
St. Ignatius,	2	Lick, 3



Capt. Arthur Wynne

The team-work and "inside baseball" of the team were excellent for the most part, although now and then a signal was missed because of the inexperience of some of the players. A fine example of the team-work of the boys was given in the St. Ignatius game. With none out, the St. Ignatius batter hit for two bags. It was surmised that the play of the next batter would be to bunt—the only logical play—so as to advance the runner from second to third, from where he could be easily scored. As soon as Nash delivered the ball to the plate, Taggart came in full tilt from first, that bag being covered by the second baseman. Nash, throwing the latter a perfect ball to bunt down third, where the batter undoubtedly tried to bunt it, raced at top speed for the line to get the bunt. Wynne, at shortstop, kept the runner from getting a lead off second by playing close to that bag, while Storey, to whom the play was to be made, held his bag. The batter missed the first strike, but on the second bunted straight to where Nash was waiting for the ball. Turning quickly Nash threw to Storey, who caught the runner coming from second, making an easy out, and undoubtedly saving the game.

In the field the team was good, but it was at the bat they excelled. Drew



Top Row—N. Drew, B. Nash, C. Bondsnu, J. Wetmore, R. Temen, W. Moore (Manager),  
 Middle Row—E. Wetmore, E. Leitzen, A. Wynne (Captain), G. Laughlin, C. Storey, F. Taggart,  
 Front Row—F. Vieth, J. Black.



# THE TIGER

led the team in batting with an average of .500. Batting left-handed and being exceedingly fast in getting down to first, he beat out many infield hits. "Red's" speed also made him a good base runner. He played fairly good ball in center field.

One of the surprises of the season was the playing of Paul Wetmore. From a "busher" last year he developed into the best fielding outfielder on the team. "Hunk" also hit the ball on the nose, especially in the pinches. He watched out for the bingles in the left pasture.

"Jim" Black, right fielder, was the most natural hitter on the team. It was his "circus catch" that "perhaps" saved the St. Ignatius game.

The same old story—"He's an excellent fielder, but can't hit." This applies to "Farmer" Vieth, who played in the center garden part of the time.

One of the few boys who played both the infield and outfield was "Casey" Cormack. His fielding, at second base, and in the outfield, was a big improvement over his work last year, although his hitting was not as good.

"Freddie" Taggart, on first base, saved the infielders many an error by his good stops and pickups. "Fred's" batting was only fair; he was especially weak against left-handed pitchers.

Laughlin, a Freshman, who played second base, was a steady infielder. "Queener" had nerve and a "head" and made good. He has a promising future as no doubt he will improve at the bat as well as in the field.

"Cockey" Storey knew the game and played it. At bat he swung cleanly on the ball and hit it on a line. He put up a nice article of ball at third and caught even better.

Lenzen was "Jack-of-all-trades." Elmer played second and third, and also pitched. As a pitcher, he shows promise and ought to do well next season, if he gets out and practices. He fielded fairly good, but was a better man with the "wagon-tongue."

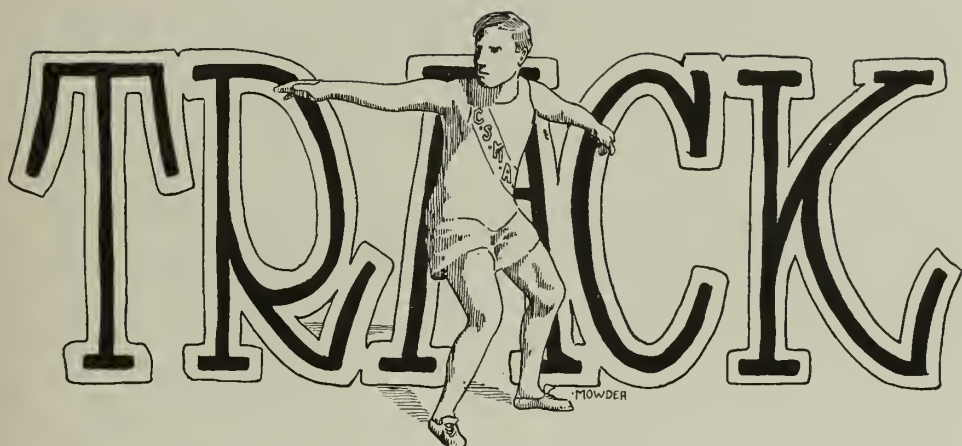
Nash, a southpaw, did the majority of the twirling and batted like most pitchers. After pitching good ball in the practice season he went stale by the time the league games began. "Booze" was also troubled by a sore finger, in which he had contracted blood poisoning, which made his control faulty at times. A two weeks' rest worked wonders for him and put him into condition to pitch the game of his life against St. Ignatius. He let the college men off with five well-scattered hits—not one for more than a single.

The work of Bondshu, both behind and at bat, was a feature of all the games he played. "Bunny," who has two more seasons of baseball ahead of him, is without doubt the most promising player on the team. His "pegging" to second was of big-league order. Had it not been for his hand, which was crippled a great part of the time, "Bunny" would have caught even a better game. According to the batting averages, he was a close second to Drew; but as he played in more games and led the team in long hits he should, perhaps, be considered the leading batsman.

Shortstop was looked after by Captain Arthur Wynne. His fielding was of a steady, high-class order, a fit example for his team to follow. He ranked third among his team mates in batting. Besides being captain, "Artie" coached the team. It was in this capacity that he, perhaps, was most valuable. It was through his hard efforts that the team-work and "inside baseball" of the team were developed. He was a hard fighter and put his whole heart into the game, trying to win the championship for Lick. This was the spirit of all the boys, who, although they did not win, did the best that was in them.

The man who looked after the financial end of the team was "Comiskey Bill" Moore. Bill did more than to just handle the gate receipts; he helped to develop the team in many ways. He is one of those fellows—of whom there are a few—whose actions speak louder than words.





The track team has made a better record this year than it has since '07. It is not because the other schools are going down either. The field days are just as good, and a little bit better, than they ever were before. We have a well-balanced team, both in track and field events, and as we do not lose by graduation, and the Freshmen are showing up fine, Lick's prospects in the future are very bright.

Last year the team elected "Dick" Smith, '12, as captain, and up to the S. F. he proved a hard-working, efficient leader, and the team showed the results of his work. The day before the S. F. an unfortunate accident happened to him and he was unable to run in any of the field days. He has been a member of the relay team for three seasons and was the second fastest man.

The work of Al. Crossfield last year was still apparent, and with a few suggestions from Berlinger, U. C., and by the efforts of the veterans, we were enabled to turn out a good team.

### LICK SCHOOL TRACK RECORD.

50-yard dash—5 3-5 sec., R. Bettoli, B. C. L., 1907.

\*100-yard dash—10 sec., E. C. Cope, Santa Fe games, 1904.

\*220-yard dash—22 2-5 sec., R. R. Rogers (Stanford interscholastic), 1910-11.

440-yard dash—52 3-5 sec., B. Crabtree, S. F. A. L., 1906.

880-yard run—2 m. 4 1-5 sec., R. Dodson, A. A. L., 1905.

One-mile run—4 m. 41 sec., Mayes, B. C. L., 1905.

Two-mile run—10 m. 48 3-5 sec., Thompson, B. C. L., 1905.

Mile relay—3 m. 20 4-5 sec., Cope, Beck, Johns, Jones, O'Connor, Dodson, A. A. L., 1904.

\*Marathon (26 m. 385 yds.)—3 hr. 10 m. 14 2-5 sec., S. Rosenthal, Feb. 22, 1910. (Olympic marathon).

120-yard high hurdles—17 1-5 sec., F. W. Wynne, S. F. A. L., 1910.

220-yard low hurdles—26 3-5 sec., R. Hupp, B. C. L., 1907.

High jump—5 ft. 9 3-4 in., Magerstadt, A. A. L., 1904.

Broad jump—21 ft. 10 in., R. Hupp, B. C. L., 1907.

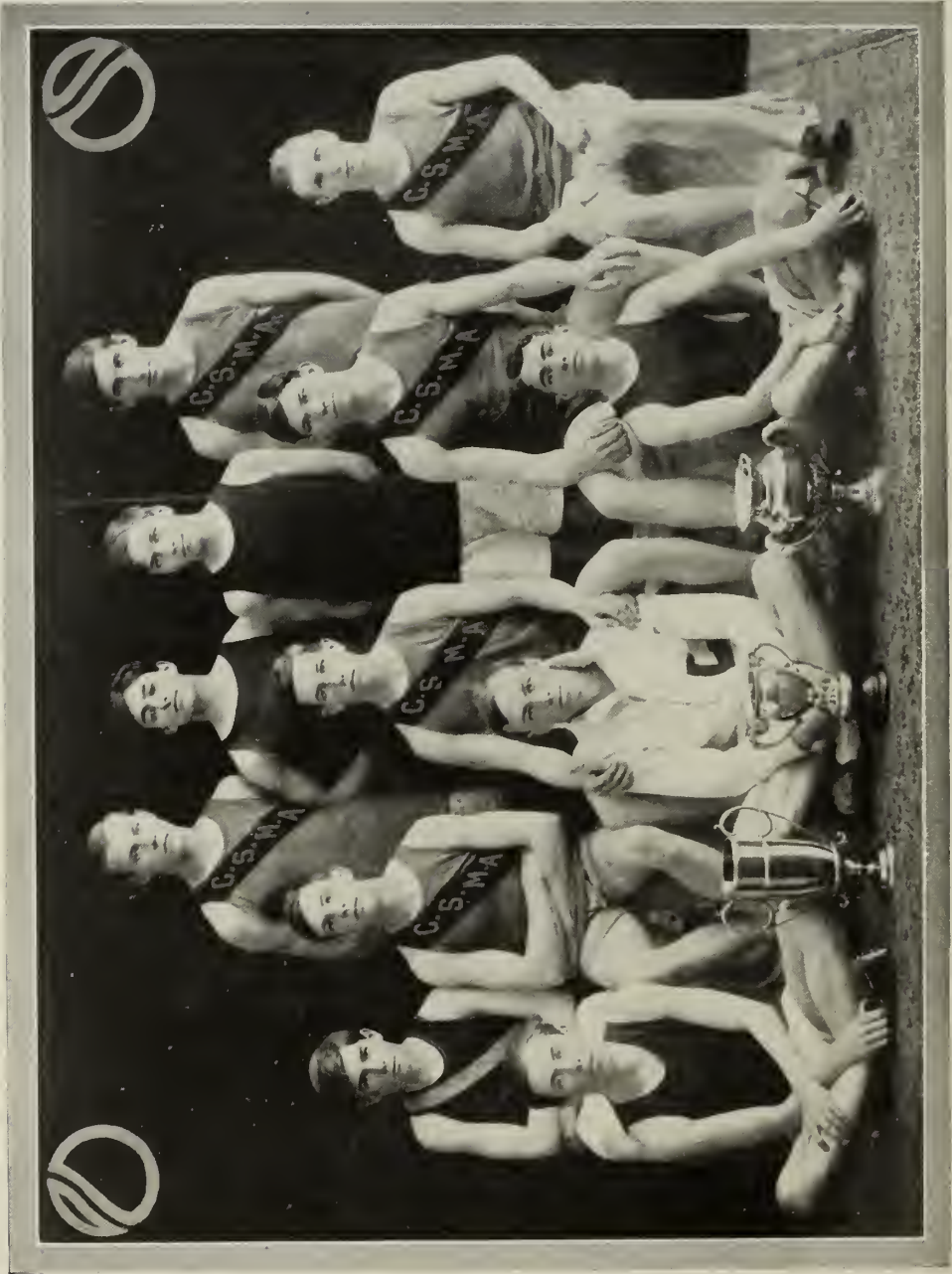
Pole vault—11 ft. 1 1-5 in., F. Moullen, A. A. L., 1905.

12-lb. shot—48 ft. 9 1-2 in., C. Bell, B. C. L., 1907.

12-lb. hammer—161 ft. 9 in., F. Moullen, A. A. L., 1905.

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\*Pacific Coast Interscholastic records.



Top Row—G. Henderson, C. Knoles, A. Hall, P. Hohman.  
 Middle Row—F. Mangelsdorf, E. Lenzen, A. Copeland, W. McNair, A. Wynne.  
 Front Row—W. Woerner, R. Rogers, S. Rosenthal.



### THE TEAM.

Russel Rogers was the mainstay in every meet, and scored in them all. He tied his own Coast record in the 220 and ran a strong relay lap.

Elmer Lenzen is one of the best quarter-milers Lick ever had. In addition, he runs the last lap in the relay.

Maynard has not run up to form.

We have been weak in the half-mile for some seasons. Hall is strong but lacks speed, while Waters lacks strength.

Woerner, a Freshman, is the best miler since Mayes, and if he takes care of himself he will be a record holder. He runs a heady race and has a splendid finish. Manglesdorf is rather small yet.

In spite of being baseball captain, Arthur Wynne managed to make numerous points for Lick in the hurdles and high jump.

"Pete" Hohman is rapidly nearing Charlie Bell's record in the shot put. He has been putting it about 45 feet all season. He also runs a fast lap in the relay.

Copeland, '14, is rivaling the record left by his brother in the broad and high jumps. He bids fair to fill the vacancy left by Ralph Hupp and Jimmy Holt.

Although not a hard worker, Frank Dunshee showed that he could be a great vaulter, when he cleared 10 feet 6 inches in the B. C. L. without any training.

McNair, '11, and Noels, '14, are the other two relay men. "Mac" has made good after a long fight, while Noels is a Freshman who runs a great lap.

Howiesner has not worked very hard, but scored in the shot in the S. F.

### THE B. C. L.

On April 1, Lick came back and incidentally sprang several April fools upon our rivals. We did not win the meet, but we made a great showing and so can look forward eagerly to next season. We made more points than we expected, but Oakland shattered the dope in nearly every event, so we had to take second honors to a splendidly balanced team.

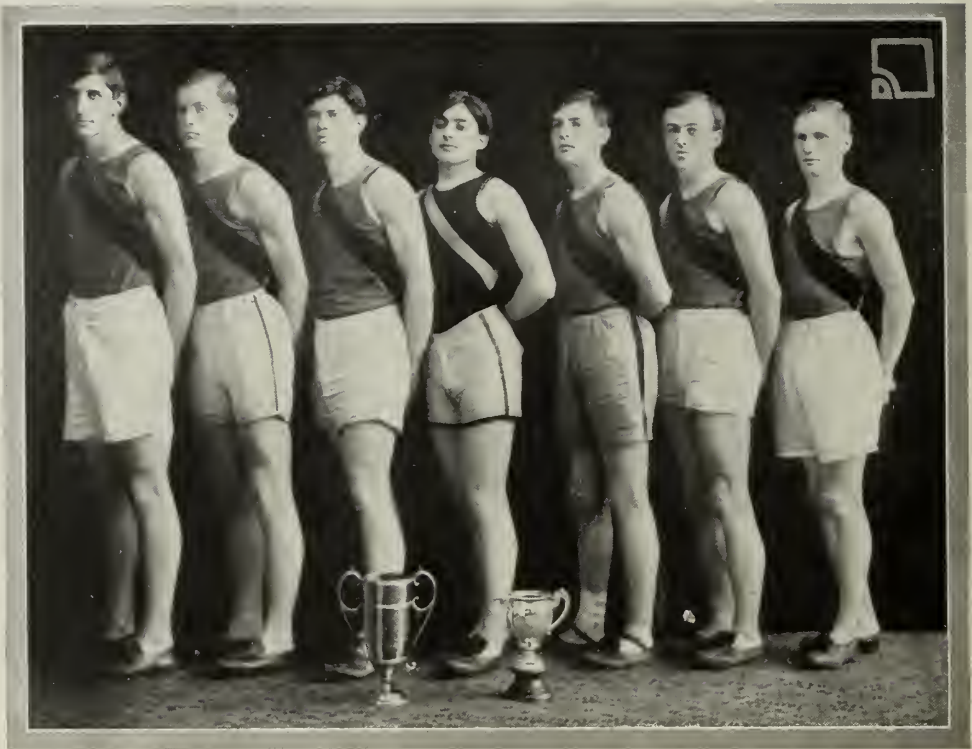
It was a great day for a field day and the time in the different events showed the effect. Oakland sprang a surprise early when Captain Heisen won the mile in 4:42 from Ferguson, the favorite. Woerner ran a well-judged race and came third. He was sixth when coming into the stretch but made a great finish. Rogers won his heat in the 100 in 10:3 and then had an easy win in the finals in 10:2. He was not pressed at all in the 220. Oakland sprang another surprise when Learner nosed Lenzen out in a great finish in the quarter. Clark, the Berkeley man who was slated to win it, could only get third. Lenzen ran on a strained ankle and had to have it securely bandaged or he would have made it under 52. Wynne captured third in the low hurdles, which was won by Mallot of Wilmerding, who also won the 50. Copeland strained his side in the high jump and so could only get third in the broad, which he should have won. After vaulting nearly all afternoon, Frank Dunshee won the pole at 10½ feet. Hohman won the shot with a good put. We easily distanced Berkeley in the relay, but had to take second to Oakland. Heisen and Maker were the stars of Oakland's team. After winning the mile in 4:42, Heisen tied Dodson's (Lick) record of 2:5½ in the half, while Maker scored first in the high hurdles and broad jump.

It was a good meet and we take off our hats to Oakland's team, but they had better look out for us next year, as you can't keep the Tigers down for all time.



CAPTAIN DICK SMITH





#### RELAY TEAM

P. Hohman, G. Henderson, W. McNair, C. Knoles, E. Lenzen, R. Rogers, A. Wynne.

### THE S. F. FIELD DAY.

We started the season off well by winning the S. F. from Mission by a good margin. In the early part of the meet, Mission gained a lead in the weight events, but this was soon overcome and a safe lead established.

Leichsenring and Rosenthal both scored in the weight classes. "Rosey" won the 220 in easy style and second in the broad jump. Leichsenring was second in the 75-yard. Wolongevitz was fourth in the high jump.

Rogers had two easy wins in the unlimited sprints, the time of 23:1 for the 220 being very fast for the Presidio track. Lenzen laid back till the stretch and had no trouble in winning the quarter, and Woerner did the same in the mile. Wynne scored in both hurdles. Copeland and Wynne tied for first in the high jump. In the broad jump, Alverado of Mission led Copeland until his last jump, when the Freshman jumped 20 feet 8 inches and won the last event on the program. Hohman won the shot at 44 feet, and Howiesner was fourth. Dunshee won the pole vault easily. To finish up the day, the relay team, weakened by the loss of Smith, and Lenzen not being entered, went in, cheered by a great yell, and made up a big lead that Lowell gained in the first two laps, and won the race. McNair, '11, and Noels, '14, ran their first races and helped make up the lost ground.



# JOSHIES





SENIOR LULLABY; OR, TRYING TO WRITE A TIGER STORY.

The sun was setting in the sea,  
The hen was in her nest,  
The cats were yowling in the trees—  
Oh rats! you know the rest.

I sat me down to write a comp.  
And I was thinking sore,  
I crossed my right leg o'er my left,  
And then I thought some more.

I crossed my left leg o'er my right  
And bit a pen in two,  
Then turned the paper upside down  
And thought of all I knew.

That wasn't much, so I gave up;  
It's too much work, I said,  
And I'm not used to working hard,  
So beat it off to bed.

Chorus:

The sun was setting in the sea, etc.

WILL THEY BE AS INTERESTED IN ONE ANOTHER AFTER-  
WARDS?

Miss Otto—Miss Barieau, how long did you study that lesson last night?

Miss B.—Close to two hours.

Miss Otto—You, Klein?

Klein—Same time.

L. Clark—Had any dinner to-day, Chief?

Chief—No, not a drop.

Miss W.—It is a very bad practise some people have, of going to wizards to get their palms read!

Johnny Ryan—Is that any worse than people going into saloons to get their noses red?

COMBINATION.

It might have been verse.

Vot is es?

Prose.

Barker—Gee! she's a corker.

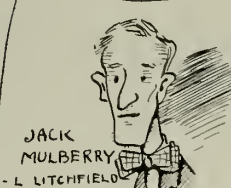
Klein—Who is?

Barker—The girl down there in the bottle department.



J. ROF.  
BABBITT  
-FRANK HOUSE-

GREAT ANXIETY ATTENDS THIS REPRODUCTION OF THE MAP OF THIS GREAT CELEBRITY ON PAPER AND WHILE JUSTICE HAS NOT BEEN DONE TO THE CHARACTER, STILL SOME OF THE PROMINENT LANDMARKS ARE DETECTABLE AS THE SIDE CHOPS (NOT LAMB CHOPS) DENOTING INTEGRITY AND COMPATIBILITY, AND ALSO THE HIGH FOREHEAD, ASSURE SIGN OF HIGH IDEALS, LURKING WITHIN THE CEREBRAL DOME.



JACK  
MULBERRY  
-L. LITCHFIELD-

WHO WOULD GUESS THAT THE INTELLIGENT LOOKING ORIGINAL OF THE ABOVE PORTRAIT WAS SCION OF THE HIGHEST ENGLISH NOBILITY? KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE "FIGHTING NEWSBOY," THIS BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN BAFFLED THE POLICE AND KING OF TWELVE COUNTRIES INCLUDING SAUSALITO, WHILE FLEEING FROM HIS FATHER. HIS PECULIARITIES ARE THAT HE IS HANDSOME TO AN ALARMING DEGREE AND THAT HIS FINANCIAL STATES ARE USUALLY AT A LOW STANDARD.



MARCUS  
BRUTUS SNAP  
-KLEIN-

IT IS FORTUNATE INDEED THAT THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN WAS CAUGHT IN SUCH AN IDEAL POSE AND PHOTOGRAPHED. THE BOLD OUTLINE OF HIS CRANIUM TESTIFY TO THE WILD AGITATION VIBRATING IN HIS INNER MENTALITY. NOTE THE FIRMNESS OF MOUTH AND STERNNESS INDICATING IN INSMITTIBLE GENIUS WHICH APPROACHES INSANITY. HIS WONDERFUL WILL POWER ENABLES HIM TO WITHSTAND WITH IMPUNITY THE ON RUSHES OF HIS WIFE.



SUSAN  
-MISS -  
BARIEAU

IT WAS WITH THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY THAT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF WAS ABLE TO GET A TRUE REPRODUCTION OF THE GREAT (BUT SMALL) FRENCH ACTRESS. WE SUBMIT THE ABOVE TO YOUR APPROVAL BUT CLAIM THAT, OWING TO A BROKEN TROLLEY WIRE ON A NEAR BY CAR LINE THE PICTURE DOES NOT GIVE A PERFECT PORTRAYAL OF HER GREAT BEAUTY WHICH HAS PARALYZED AUDIENCE AFTER AUDIENCE, THE PERMEATING QUALITIES OF THE VOCAL ORGANS MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR HER TO FILL THE LARGEST THEATRE (ESPECIALLY WHEN THE AUDIENCE IS SMALL).



ANGELICA  
-MISS  
AGNES  
FRASER-

THIS PORTRAIT IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE IN EXISTENCE AS IT BRINGS OUT WITH EXTRAORDINARY DISTINCTNESS THE EXQUISITE TENDERNESS OF EXPRESSION. HER NAME THE DERIVATION OF WHICH IS OBVIOUS, HAS CAUSED SOME TROUBLE AMONG CRITICS, SOME CLAIMING THAT IT IS APPROPRIATE BECAUSE OF CONTRAST WHILE THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS PUBLICATION ASSERTS THE OPPOSITE. WHEN INTERVIEWED THE LADY REPLIED "I SHOULD NEVER DESERT CREPE DE CHENE FOR VELVETINE."



MRS  
BABBITT  
-MISS KIRKWOOD

THE LADY PICTURED HERE IS PROF. BABBITT'S, BETTER 50% ITER, NOM DE FEATHER BEING ZIPPY (THIS NAME PROBABLY BEING DERIVED FROM THE BUZZ-SAW ON ACCOUNT OF THE ZIPP!!) THE OMNIPRESENT DIGNITY GIVES AN AIR OF SUPERNATURAL POWER WHICH SHE INCIDENTALLY EXERCISES, PROF. B. BEING ON THE RECEIVING END. HER ONLY PECULIARITY IS "SODA WATER."



PROWL  
-LENZEN-

A CAREFUL STUDY OF THE PHYSIOGNOMY (MEANING MAP) OF THE ABOVE FACE WILL REVEAL A PASSIONATE LONGING TO MOW DOWN BOYS EVEN AS THIS NOBLE PERSONIFICATION OF ACCENTUATED GENEROSITY MOWS DOWN THE BATTERS IN REAL LIFE.



NISBE  
MISS. ERLANDSON

THE ABOVE LADY ANSWERS THE SCHOOL ROLL CALL TO THE TUNE OF NISBE THIS NAME BEING A CONTRACTION OF THE GREEK SOP-HO-NICH, MEANING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND UNLIMITED GENEROSITY COMBINED IN A RATIO OF TWO TO ONE WITH GREAT FACIAL EXPRESSION AND ADAPTABILITY.

THE ONE THING WHICH IS PECULIAR TO HER AND ADDS TO HER CHARMS RATHER THAN DETRACTS IS AN INDOMINABLE LAUGH WHICH IS A CROSS BETWEEN A GABBLING BROOK AND A YOUNG DYNAMITE EXPLOSION



MARIE  
-A. DIEBER-

THE MAID PICTURED ABOVE IS NO RELATION TO THE EMPEROR OF IRELAND THOUGH THE PICTURE SHOWS A GREAT IRISH BEAUTY. THE ONE THING DETRACTING FROM HER BEAUTY IS HER IRREGULAR PROFILE



LORD  
MULBERRY  
-UNNA-

THE ABOVE IS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAYAL OF THIS FAMOUS PERSONAGE WHO CLAIMS RELATIONSHIP TO FORTYSEVEN KINGS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES. HE IS PARTICULARLY FOND OF POETRY AND THE AESTHETIC CONTOUR OF HIS PROFILE WOULD INDICATE THAT THE HIGH THOUGHTS AND AMBITIOUS IDEAS OF SHAKESPEARE WOULD SATISFY HIS INSATIABLE DESIRE FOR POETRY. A STARTLING PECULIARITY IS THAT HE USUALLY HAS SOME READY MONEY A RARE OCCURRENCE WITH ENGLISH NOBILITY.



HARRY  
DAMACK  
-R. HILLS-

THE GENT WHOSE OBVIOUS WICKNESS ADORNS THE PREVIOUS SPACE ABSOLUTELY DISCLAIMS ALL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FORGOING MEMBER OF THE HUMAN RACE BUT IN THE FACE OF THE LAW HE HAS GRACEFULLY ACQUIESCED AND IS KNOWN AS THE PROF. BROTHER IN-LAW UNDER HIS COLD EXTERIOR CAN BE FOUND A WARM HEART (WHICH SOME-TIMES WANDERS) AND A KINDLY SOUL [THE LATTER CAN ALSO BE FOUND SOME TIMES AT THE SHOE MAKERS.

WORDS BY  
J. O. KLEIN '11

MUSIC BY  
MARTENSTEIN '13

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The following answers to queries were taken from a country newspaper. The editor evidently had too much bromo-seltzer:

C. M.—Yes, tea is good for your eyes. Always take them out at night; wash thoroughly with hot H<sub>2</sub>O and castile soap, after which rinse them in cold H<sub>2</sub>O and starch. Iron while still damp. This method will make them look like new and you can wear them the next day.

J. B.—Don't give the children castor oil. Soak them in salt and H<sub>2</sub>O and hang on the line to dry.

N. G.—Any one should be able to gargle onions successfully. All that is necessary is to soak their feet in hot H<sub>2</sub>O; give dose of quinine and wrap in hot blankets.

---

### A SPORT IN THE FACULTY.

Mr. McLeran (looking at his cabinet, a week before school closed)—I have lost two bits this term.

---

Student—May I be excused from the Physics exam.?

Teacher—No; nothing but death will excuse you, and then we will hold a post-mortem examination.

---

### SLAM?

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”

“I'm going to sneeze, kind sir,” she said.

“Tell me, at what, my pretty maid?”

“Atchoo! Atchoo!” was all she said.—Ex.

---

### HEARD AT THE RALLY.

Miss Buck—Pardon me for walking on your feet.

Foster—Oh that's all right. That's what I use them for myself.

---

### FOUND AT LAST.

Worth (to John Ryan after a wordy argument)—Perpetual motion was certainly discovered when you were born.

---

Cannibal—How did the chief get that attack of hay fever?

Second Cannibal—He ate a grass widow.—Ex.

---

Professor Merrill (in Civic class)—For the next week we'll work on the streets.

---

### A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Act I. Maid one.

Act II. Maid won.

Act III. Made one.—Ex.



# THE TIGER
















## CAN YOU DO IT?

Punctuate this properly and read: "That that is is that that is not is not is it not it is."—Ex.

## A HAIR TONIC.

To Mr. Plumb (Physics I)—You should see Sells-Floto show.  
"Why?"

"'Cause it's a hair-raising event."

<p>Harronitus Aeroganitus Airplane Bug</p> 	<p>Hendersonioria Glidis Form Bug</p> 	<p>La Franzoria Gloria Tubby Bug</p> 	<p>Debatarium Hirschorka Gas Bug</p> 
<p>Mackanium Aquarium Crab Bug</p> 	<p>Lenzenorius Rarius Speed Bug</p> 	<p>HOLLINGBERRIUS Dancing Bug</p> 	<p>Sydorium Lewisisa Perambulating Bug</p> 
<p>TAGGARITUS-HIGHBALLER Queen Bug</p> 	<p>BROWNIARIUS HALBERTIAE German Bug</p> 	<p>LITCHIHELDIUM-LLYODIAS School Spirit Bug</p> 	<p>BLACKATARIUS SCHWARZ Monoging Bug</p> 
<p>ALLARIA ALLISIS WETMERIAE Clog Bug</p> 	<p>CLARKIUS CLARKARIUM Bow Wow Bug</p> 	<p>PINARIUM PINATUS DREW Reanut Bug</p> 	<p>HEINARIUM HEIN BEQUUS Tall Bug</p> 
<p>Oh yes the whole school has BUGS of some sort !!!!!</p>			

Her eyes were blue as the blue of skies,  
Her hair was white as snow.  
With a graceful swing she did arise  
From her cushioned armchair low,  
And said in accents of surprise:  
"Meow, meow, meow."

Cormack—I say, Clark, how are you getting on with your garden? Did your seeds come up?

Clark—Sure, they all came up in about two days. My neighbors keep chickens.



### THE LODGERS.

There dwelt in the walls of the cooking-room  
A bunch of smart young mice;  
And oh! but it's awful to tell of their doom,  
For these mice were so very nice.  
But foolish young things; they expected to live  
On the stuff that the cooking girls made,  
When they might have known that such stuff would soon  
Cause them to be laid in their graves.  
One ratkin ate some "Spanish Cream"—  
He turned up his toes and died.  
The second ate cake that the girls called a dream,  
He soon knew that they'd lied.  
The third one nibbled of "English Monk"  
And trouble at once arose,  
For the "monk" was cheese, the mouse deceived,  
Soon sought his final repose.  
The fourth fellow feasted on "Angelfood"—  
He dropped in a dishpan and died.  
The fifth filled up on "Devil's food,"  
"The devil's got me," he cried.  
The sixth and the seventh ate just plain bread  
That came from "Bill Pappa's store."  
But the "cat came back," in terror they fled,  
And were never heard of more.  
The eighth and the ninth consumed cream puffs—  
They swiftly ascended to the skies.  
But now you know this is all a bluff  
For the Faculty eat all the cooking-room stuff,  
And just look at the way they thrive!

---

### At A. A. L. Track Meet.

Hohman (to waiter in Berkeley hotel)—Say, there is a pin in this soup.  
Suppose I had swallowed it.

Waiter—Oh; it wouldn't hurt yer. It's a safety pin, sah.

---

He—the humor of The Tiger is improving.

She—How's that?

He—I tried the humor section on the furnace and it roared.

---

Miss D. (Freshman Algebra)—You may find the least common multiple of—  
Freshman—Is that pesky thing lost again?—Ex.

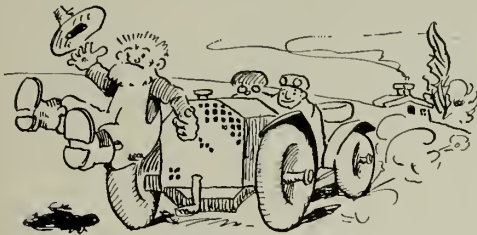
---

When "Spud" Barker was knocked out—Bury me in the fireplace, fellows,  
so that my ashes can mingle with the great.

---

I wonder what Baldwin Drew.

# Illustrated ♦ Baseball ♦ Phrases



HE HAD A LOT OF  
SPEED BEHIND HIM



HE PUT A FOUL OVER  
THE FENCE

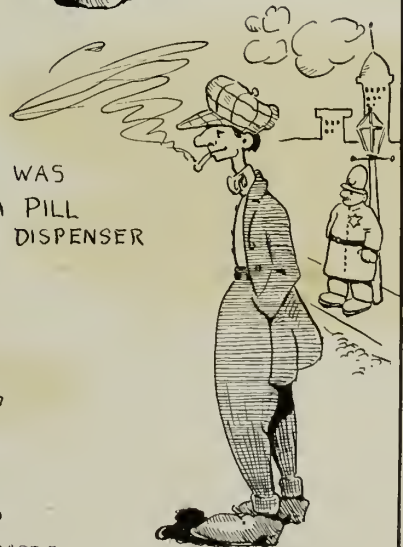


THEY HAD  
THREE BALLS  
ON HIM



HE HAD A GOOD  
HITTING POWER

HE WAS  
A PILL  
DISPENSER



THEY RAN THE BASES

# THE TIGER

Mr. Plumb (discussing street-car problems on motors)—Now, when I was in the street-car business—

Waters—They had horse cars.

Miss H. entertained while mother was out.

Mother—Did you have any company, dear?

Miss H.—Only Marion.

Mother—When you see her again please tell her she left her tobacco pouch on the piano.

Question: Do stolen fowls necessarily lay poached eggs?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Oft I've worshiped from afar,  
But when I met you on the street,  
I suddenly acquired cold feet.

Baseball Manager Moore—How do you think I like to turn these tickets in? Why did you get them so greasy?

Lenzen—I thought they would slip out of my paws easier, but they didn't.



Mr. Plum (explaining the action of the air pump)—When the piston reaches the top—I'd like you boys to stop talking.

We wonder why it is that no angels have whiskers.

Wynne informs us it is because men only get to heaven by a close shave.

Mr. M. (in History)—If the President dies, who gets the job?

Smart Guy (in the rear)—The undertaker.



# THE TIGER

Gasping as if for breath,  
Endeavoring hard to speak,  
Relaxing like in death,  
Mind is growing weak.  
Answer this dear reader;  
Name the awful cause!

I. R. B.

## The Tale of a Scrub.



Last week a young lady fell into one of the numerous piles of coreboxes. The poor woman lay helplessly calling for help and at last Cowan, the brave, the gallant, the polite, went to the box to offer his aid. The young lady looked up and said:

"At last some succor has arrived."

Cowan turned away without lending his hand. "Just like girls," he said, "when a fellow goes to help 'em, they call him names."

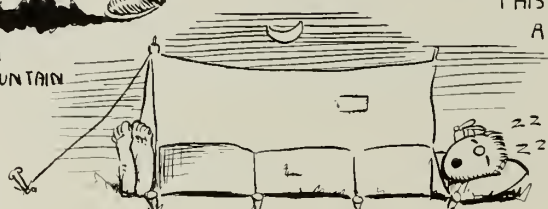
# Some Vacation Stunts



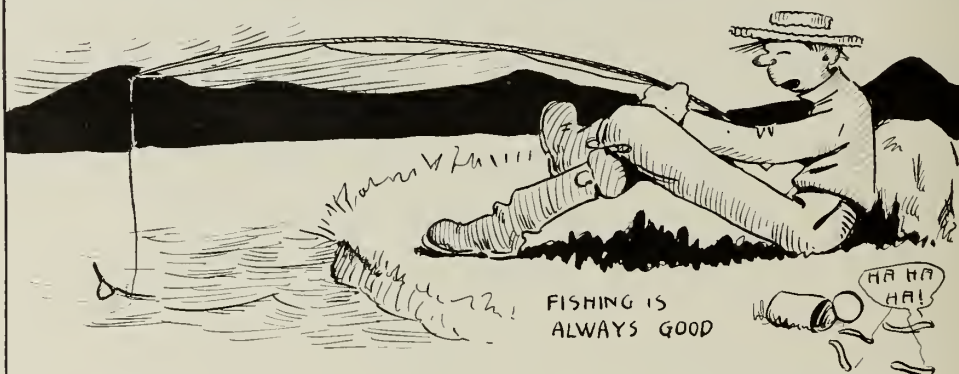
THIS SPECIMEN  
HITS FOR THE MOUNTAIN  
PEAKS



THIS "BO" TAKES  
A BELL HOPS JOB

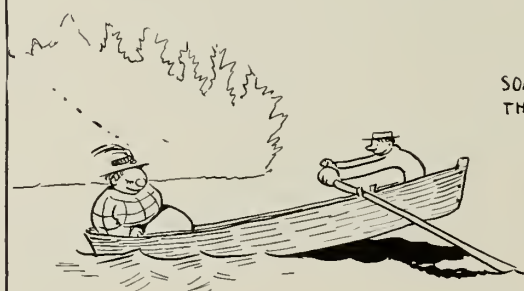


SLEEPING OUT  
IS QUITE FASCINATING



FISHING IS  
ALWAYS GOOD

HA HA  
HA!

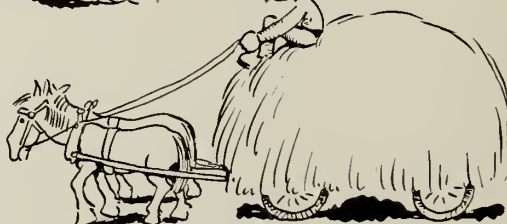


THIS POOR FELLOW  
GOES TO LAKE TAHOE

THE WAY  
SOME SPEND  
THEIR VACATION



Martenstein.  
'13



BACK TO THE HAY FIELD

# THE TIGER



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Heine—Vat iss the most neglected vegetabe in the world?

Pat—Sure, I dunno.

Heine—A policeman's beat, of course.—Ex.



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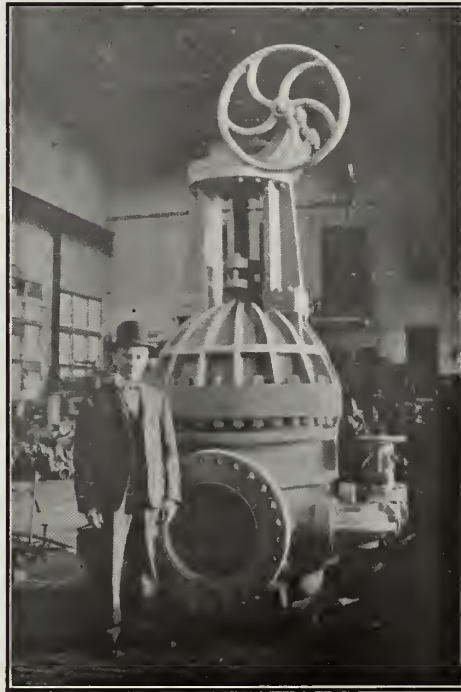
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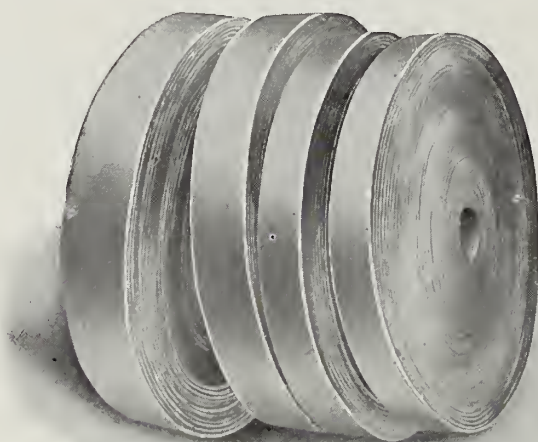
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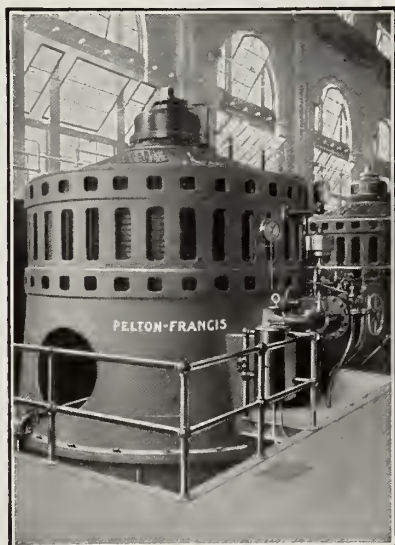
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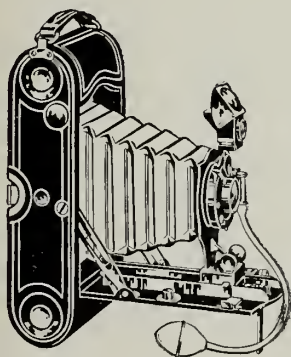
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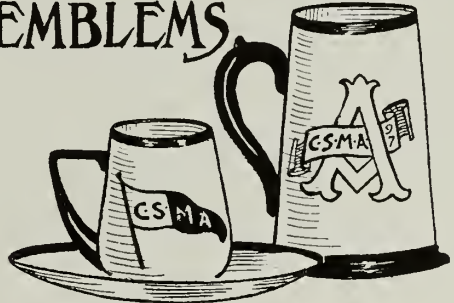
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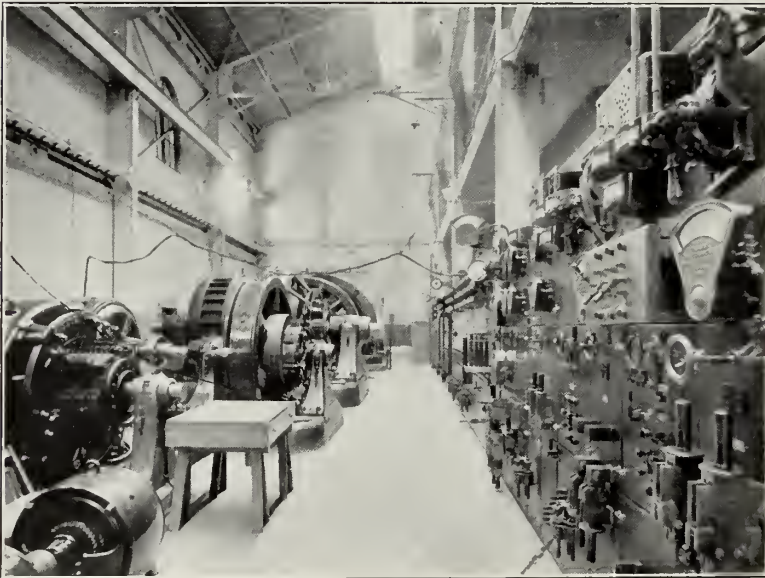
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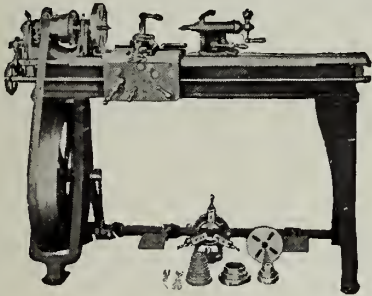
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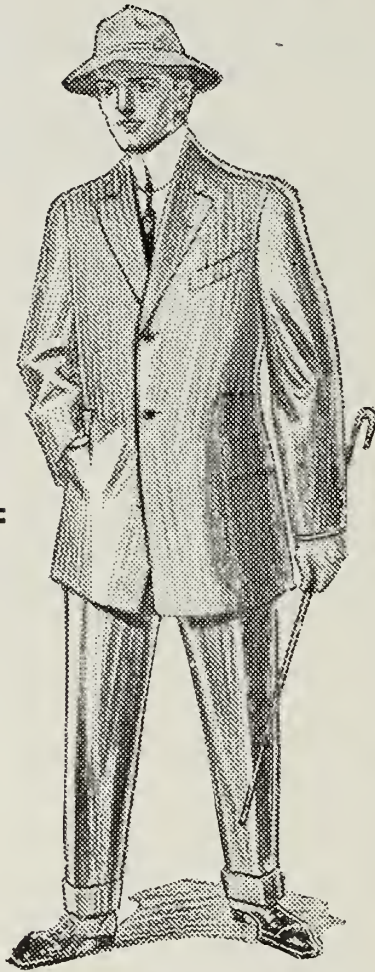
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